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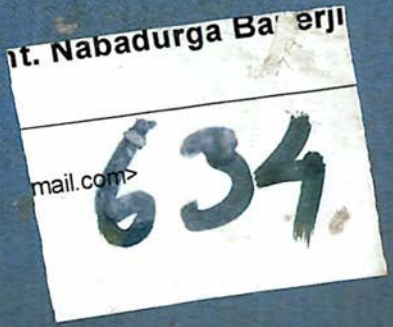
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CONVERSATIONS WITH CARLYLE

My best wishes and regards
from Limerick
this 24th of July. 1849.
T. Carlyle

CONVERSATIONS

WITH

CARLYLE

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SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY,
K.C.M.G.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, AND COMPANY,
LIMITED,
St. Dunstan's House,
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1892.

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Good
grief
Cas / Duf / Con
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PREFACE.

THESE papers were originally published in the *Contemporary Review*, chiefly for the purpose of presenting a more real, as well as a more human, picture of the philosopher of Chelsea than readers have been accustomed to of late.

It has been no little gratification to me to receive letters from cultivated and thoughtful people, declaring that the conversations and correspondence, and, in some degree, the testimony of the author, had enabled them to accept anew an estimate of Carlyle which they had relinquished with pain, and to be assured that the nature and habits of the eminent man were not unworthy of his position as a teacher and leader of his age.

They have incidentally served another purpose: they furnish a striking gallery of portraits, and an unique body of criticism on the writers of the century, by one of the most impressive painters of men that ever existed. The criticisms have sometimes been called harsh and unjust, by impatient

partisans of this or that personage; but when they are dispassionately examined, they will be found, in almost every instance, to be just judgments, the exact truth uttered by a critic as competent to discern and express it as Bacon or Burke. The conversations have not been prematurely published; it is more than forty years since the earliest of them were written, and it is not too soon to hear the judgment of such an expert on the men and things among which he lived.

Critics of these papers have recognised that Carlyle is made to use the exact phraseology he was accustomed to employ. The conversations were, in fact, written down immediately after they took place, when his emphatic and significant language was still fresh in my memory. Readers who knew Carlyle will, I think, recognise the familiar cadence, and those who did not know him will have the means of realising his ordinary speech and method for themselves.

VILLA MARGUERITE,
NICE, ALPES MARITIMES,
April, 1892.

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CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

Part First.

IT is nearly half a century since I made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle. In the only fragment of her diary saved from the flames, and published with her "Letters and Memorials," Mrs. Carlyle describes the visit of three Irish law-students, who were, moreover, intense Nationalists, to her husband in April 1845. She had seen Italian, German, and Polish patriots beyond count, but Irish specimens of the genus were altogether new to her; and here were, as she says, "real hot and hot live Irishmen, such as she had never sat at meals with before." On the whole, they did not displease her, and one of them had afterwards the good fortune to be admitted by the lady to a frank and cordial friendship, lasting to the day of her death. Her description of her visitors may still have an interest for inquisitive readers. Mr. Pigot, mentioned first, was son of the Irish Chief Baron, and afterwards became a successful advocate at the

Indian Bar; the person whose name she could not recall was John O'Hagan (afterwards Mr. Justice O'Hagan, recently head of the Land Commission in Ireland); and the third visitor was the present writer. They were introduced to the Chelsea recluse by Frederick Lucas, then editor of the *Tablet*, afterwards Member of Parliament for the County of Meath, and one of the leaders of the first Irish party of Independent Opposition.

"The youngest one, Mr. Pigot [says Mrs. Carlyle], a handsome youth of the romantic cast, pale-faced, with dark eyes and hair, and an 'Emancipation of the Species' melancholy spread over him, told my husband, after having looked at and listened to him in comparative silence for the first hour, with 'How to observe' written in every lineament, that now he (Mr. Pigot) felt assured he (my husband) was not in his heart so unjust towards Ireland as his writings led one to suppose, and so he would confess, for the purpose of retracting it, the strong feeling of repulsion with which he had come to him that night.

"'Why, in the name of goodness, then, *did* you come?' I could not help asking, thereby producing a rather awkward result. Several awkward results were produced in this 'nicht wi' Paddy.' They were speaking of the Scotch intolerance towards Catholics, and Carlyle as usual took up the cudgels for intolerance. 'Why,' said he, 'how *could* they do otherwise? If one sees one's fellow-creature

following a damnable error, by continuing in which the devil is sure to get him at last, and roast him in eternal fire and brimstone, are you to let him go towards such consummation? or are you not rather to use all means to save him?'

"'A nice prospect for you, to be roasted in fire and brimstone,' I said to Mr. Lucas, the red-hottest of Catholics. 'For all of us,' said poor Lucas, laughing good-naturedly; 'we are all Catholics.' Nevertheless the evening was got over without bloodshed—at least, *malice prepense* bloodshed, for a little blood *was* shed involuntarily. While they were all three at the loudest in their defence of Ireland against the foul aspersions Carlyle had cast on it, and 'scornfully' cast on it, one of their noses burst out bleeding. It was the nose of the gentleman whose name we never heard. He let it bleed into his pocket-handkerchief privately till nature was relieved, and was more cautious of exciting himself afterwards.

"The third, Mr. Duffy, quite took my husband's fancy, and mine also to a certain extent. He is a writer of national songs, and came here to 'eat his terms.' With the coarsest of human faces, decidedly as like a horse's as a man's, he is one of the people that I should get to think beautiful, there is so much of the power both of intellect and passion in his physiognomy. As for young Mr. Pigot, I will here, in the spirit of prophecy, inherited from my great-great-ancestor, John Welsh, the Covenanter, make a small prediction. If there be in his time an

insurrection in Ireland, as these gentlemen confidently anticipate, Mr. Pigot will rise to be a Robespierre of some sort; will cause many heads to be removed from the shoulders they belong to; and will 'eventually' have his own head removed from his own shoulders. Nature has written on that handsome but fatal-looking countenance of his, quite legibly to my prophetic eye, 'Go and get thyself beheaded, but not before having lent a hand towards the great work of immortal smash.'"[1]

The young Irishmen were greatly impressed by the philosopher and his wife. They did not accept his specific opinions on almost any question, but his constant advocacy of veracity, integrity, and valour touched the most generous of their sympathies, and his theory that under the divine government of the world right and might are identical, as right infallibly became might in the end, was very welcome teaching to men struggling against enormous odds for what they believed to be intrinsic justice. The letter of one of the visitors to his wife, written next day, sufficiently indicates their state of enthusiasm:—

"We dined at Hampton Court yesterday, and spent the evening at Thomas Carlyle's. I have much to tell you of him, but more of his wife. She is one of the most natural, unaffected, fascinating

[1] "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by J. A. Froude.

women I ever encountered, and O'H. and P. declare they would rather cultivate her acquaintance than the philosopher's. She is no longer handsome, but full of intellect and kindness blended gracefully and lovingly together. Among a hundred interesting things which she told us, one was that Alfred Tennyson does not, as you supposed, tell his own story in 'Locksley Hall;' that he is unmarried, and unlikely to marry, as no woman could live in the atmosphere of tobacco-smoke which he makes about him from morn till night. Of Miss Barrett she has a low—in my mind, altogether too low—an opinion. She says *she* could not read her, and that Cārlyle (so she pronounces his name) advised the poetess to write prose! Oh, misguiding philosopher, to tell a dove not to fly or a swan not to swim!

"We had a long talk about Ireland, of which he has wrong notions, but not unkindly feelings, and we came away at eleven o'clock at night, delighted with the man and woman. She bantered the philosopher in the most charming manner on his style and his opinions, but philosophers, I fear, do not like to be bantered. He knows next to nothing, accurately or circumstantially, of Irish affairs. He has prejudices which are plainly of Scotch origin, but he intends and desires to be right, and when he understands the case, where could such an advocate be found before England and the world!"

A month later I had my first letter from Carlyle,

and I am moved to publish it and a selection from those which followed, because they may help to realise for others the picture of that eminent man which remains in my own memory. It has been a personal pain to me in recent times to find among honourable and cultivated people a conviction that Carlyle was hard, selfish, and arrogant. I knew him intimately for more than an entire generation—as intimately as one who was twenty years his junior, and who regarded him with unaffected reverence as the man of most undoubted genius of his age, probably ever did. I saw him in all moods and under the most varied conditions, and often tried his impatient spirit by dissent from his cherished convictions, and I found him habitually serene and considerate, never, as so many have come to believe of his ordinary mood, arrogant or impatient of contradiction. I was engaged for nearly half the period in the conflict of Irish politics, which from his published writings one might suppose to be utterly intolerable to him; but the readers of these letters will find him taking a keen interest in every honest attempt to raise Ireland from her misery, reading constantly, and having sent after him, wherever he went, the journal which embodied the most determined resistance to misgovernment from Westminster, and throwing out friendly suggestions from time to time how the work, so far as he approved of it, might be more effectually done. This is the real Carlyle; a man of generous nature, sometimes

disturbed on the surface by trifling troubles, but never diverted at heart from what he believed to be right and true.

This was the first letter:—

"CHELSEA, *May* 12, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to hear that there is at last a prospect of seeing your book, which I have been in expectation of since the night you were here. Certainly I will look into it; my distinct persuasion is that you must mean something by it —a very considerable distinction for a book or man in these days.

"I have likewise to thank you for your kind purpose of sending me the *Nation*, the first number of which, indeed, I find has safely introduced itself through the Rowland Hill slit in the door this day. As I have very little time, and especially at present hardly read any newspaper, it would be a further kindness if you now and then marked such passages as you thought would be most illuminative for me.

"I can say with great sincerity I wish you well; and the essence of your cause, well—alas! if one could get the essence of it extracted from the adscititious confusions and impossible quantities of it, would not all men wish you and it right well?

"Justice to Ireland—justice to all lands, and to Ireland first as the land that needs it most—the whole English nation (except the quacks and knaves of it, who in the end are men of negative quantities and of no force in the English nation) does honestly

wish you that. Do not believe the contrary, for it is not true; the believing of it to *be* true may give rise to miserable mistakes yet, at which one's imagination shudders.

"Well, when poor old Ireland has succeeded again in making a man of insight and generous valour, who might help her a little out of her deep confusions—ought I not to pray and hope that *he* may shine as a light instead of blazing as a firebrand, to his own waste and his country's! Poor old Ireland, every man of that kind she produces, it is like another stake set upon the great Rouge-et-Noir of the Destinies: 'Shall I win with thee, or shall I lose thee too—blazing off upon me as the others have done?' She tries again, as with her last guinea. May the gods grant her a good issue!

"I bid you, with many kind wishes, good speed, and am, very truly yours, T. CARLYLE."

From Madame also there came pleasant greetings:—

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Sept. 14, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you emphatically for the beautiful little volume you have sent me, 'all to myself' (as the children say). Besides the prospective pleasure of reading it, it is no small immediate pleasure to me as a token of your remembrance; for when one has 'sworn an everlasting friendship' at first sight, one desires, very naturally, that it

should not have been on your Irish principle, 'with the reciprocity all on one side.'

"The book only reached me, or rather I only reached it, last night, on my return home after an absence of two months, in search of—what shall I say?—a religion? Sure enough, if I were a good Catholic, or good Protestant, or good anything, I should not be visited with those nervous illnesses, which send me from time to time out into space to get myself rehabilitated, after a sort, 'by change of air.'

"When are you proposing, through the strength of Heaven, to break into open rebellion? I have sometimes thought that in a civil war I should possibly find my 'mission'—*moi!* But in these merely talking times, a poor woman knows not how to turn herself; especially if, like myself, she 'have a devil' always calling to her, 'March! march!' and bursting into infernal laughter when requested to be so good as specify whither.

"If you have not set a time for taking up arms, when at least are you coming again to 'eat terms' (whatever that may mean)? I feel what my husband would call 'a real, genuine, healthy desire' to pour out more tea for you.

"My said husband has finished his 'Cromwell' two weeks ago, then joined me at a place near Liverpool, where he remained a week in a highly reactionary state; and then he went North, and I South, to meet again when he has had enough of peat-bog and his platonically beloved 'silence'—

perhaps in three weeks or a month hence. Meanwhile I intend a great household earthquake, through the help of chimney-sweeps, carpet-beaters, and other like products of the fall of our first parents. And so you have our history up to the present moment.

"Success to all your wishes, except for the destruction of us Saxons, and believe me always very cordially yours, JANE W. CARLYLE."

The calamity to which Carlyle alludes in the next letter was among the heaviest of my life. My young wife and Thomas Davis, the friend I loved best on the earth, died within a week:—

"CHELSEA, *Oct.* 25, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you accept of this book ['Past and Present'] from me, which probably you have already examined, but may put now on your shelves as a symbol of regards that will not be unwelcome to you?

"For a good while past, especially in late weeks, during a rustication in Scotland, I have read punctually your own part, or what I understand to be such, of the *Nation* newspaper, and always with a real sympathy and assent. There reign in that department a manfulness, veracity, good sense and dignity, which are worthy of all approbation. Of the much elsewhere that remains extraneous to me, and even afflictious to me, I will here say nothing. When one reflects how, in the history of this world, the

noblest human efforts have had to take the most confused embodiments, and tend to a beneficent eternal goal by courses *they* were much mistaken in—why should we not be patient even with Repeal? You I will, with little qualification, bid persevere and prosper, and wish all Ireland would listen to you more and more. The thing you intrinsically mean is what all good Irishmen and all good men must mean; let *it* come quickly, and continue for ever. Your coadjutors also shall persevere, under such conditions as they can, and grow clearer and clearer according to their faithfulness in these.

"My wife, while I was absent, received a little book from you with much thankfulness, and answered with light words, she says, in profound ignorance of the great affliction just then lying heavy on you, which had made such a tone very inappropriate. Forgiveness for this—you may believe always that there is a true sympathy with you here, a hearty goodwill for you here.

"When you come to London again, fail not to let us see you. If I ever visit Ireland, yours is a house I will seek out. With many wishes and regards yours very sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

Though Carlyle wrote his letters spontaneously—I have seen hundreds of them without a correction or erasure—he was as painstaking with his proofs as Burke or Macaulay. The next letter was sug-

gested by a desire for accuracy in the topography of Cromwell's Irish campaign :—

"CHELSEA, *Jan.* 19, 1846.

"I am about to do what to another kind of man than you I should myself regard as a very strange thing. I am sending you the 'Curse of Cromwell' to get it *improved* for me! The case is, I am very busy preparing a second edition of that book; and am anxious, this being the last time that I mean to touch it, to avoid as many errors as may be avoidable. In the Irish part of the business I could not, after considerable search and endeavour, procure any tolerable Irish atlas; and in spelling out the dreadful old newspaper letters from that scene, which are nearly indecipherable sometimes, I felt now and then my footing by no means secure. Other errors there may be which an intelligent, punctual man, acquainted with the localities, might put me on the way of rectifying; but those of the names of places and such like he would himself rectify. For geographical corrections I see nothing that I can do so wise as depend upon you and your help. . . . Excuse all this. I would like much to talk weeks with you on these subjects; for it seems to me, as I have said already, Ireland, which means many millions of my own brethren, has again a blessed chance in having made a man like you speak for her, and also (excuse the sincerity of the word) that your sermon to her is by no means yet according to the real gospel in that matter."

This service having been duly performed, was graciously acknowledged :—

"*March* 12, 1846.

"I have received the annotated sheets this day, and am abundantly sensible of the trouble you have taken, in reference especially to such a matter, which many good feelings in you, in the twilight we yet look at it under, call upon you to hate and not to love! In spite of all obstructions, my fixed hope is that just men, Irish and English, will yet see it as God the Maker saw it, which I think will really be a point gained for all of us, on both sides of the water. It is not every day that the Supreme Powers send any *missionary*, clad in light or clad in lightning, into a country to act and speak a True Thing there; and the sooner all of us get to understand, to the bottom, what it was that *he* acted and spoke, it will most infallibly be the better every way. Nations and men that cannot understand Heaven's message, because (which very often happens) it is not agreeable to them—alas! the sum of all national and human sins lies there, and our frightful doom is 'to follow the message of the *other* place then.' I believe you to be a good man and one of the chosen of Ireland, or I would not write these things to you. Certainly if you could abolish the scene of Portnadown Bridge and other such out of my mind, you would do *me* a real kindness; and indeed it is mostly gone, or altogether gone, out of the memory of England, fierce as it once stood there; but out of the

memory of Ireland it ought never to go. Oh, no, not till Ireland be very much other than it yet is. And a just and faithful son of Ireland has something quite other to do with it than tell his countrymen to forget it. You by much meditating might understand what it was that Cromwell (a man also lifted far away above all 'rubbish' in his time) did mean, and the eternal Heaven along with him, in Ireland. If you cannot, there is no other Irishman yet born, I suppose, that can; and we shall have to wait for him perhaps with terrible penalties for his not being here.

"Some friendly critic upbraids me, on one of these sheets, that I do not admit the Irish to be a nation. Really and truly that is the fact. I cannot find that the Irish were in 1641, are now, or until they conquer all the English, ever again can be a 'nation,' anything but an integral constituent part of a nation—any more than the Scotch Highlands can, than the parish of Kensington can. Alas! the laws of Nature in regard to such matters (what used to be called God's laws) are very different indeed from those written down in books of sentiment, as many a poor Polander and the like finds to his cost. Nay, do not stamp this note under your feet, or at least pick it up again and read my thanks, my real regard for you, and best wishes in all things.

"The printer, I believe, has most of the 'Irish Campaign' in type, but I will profit carefully by your corrections still."

With the topographical corrections I sent him some notes on the character of Owen Roe O'Neill, the general on whom the Irish relied at that era, but who died (by poison, his partisans believed) before Cromwell landed in Ireland.

His First Visit to Ireland.

Carlyle had long desired to visit Ireland, and in the summer of 1846 promised that he would soon carry out this design. Here is his letter:—

"Chelsea, *July* 22, 1846.

"I am just about escaping out of London, for a little movement and for summer air, of which I have rather need at present for more reasons than one. To-morrow afternoon I expect to be in Lancashire with some friends, where my wife now is; the sea breezes and the instantaneous total change of scene will be good so far as they go. My next goal, for another rest of longer or shorter continuance, must be my native place, Dumfriesshire, on the other side of the Solway Frith, where I must aim to be about the first week in August.

"One of my intermediate projects was a short flight over to Ireland, upon which I wish to consult you at present. A swift steamer, I know, takes one over any evening (or, I believe, morning) with the mail-bags: there is Dublin to be looked at for a day or two, there is 'Conciliation Hall' to be seen, *once;* then *you* are to be seen and talked with,

oftener than once if you like; many other things no doubt; but this is nearly all of definite that rises on me at present, and this, if other things go right, will abundantly suffice. In Dublin and all places I get nothing but pain out of noise and display, and insist, even at the expense of some breaches of politeness, on remaining altogether private—strictly *incognito* —if there is any need of putting an '*in*' to it, which sometimes (for poor mortals are very prurient, and run after Pickwicks and all manner of rubbish) I have found there was. From Dublin I could get along, by such route as seemed pleasantest, to Belfast, and then on the proper day a steamer puts me down at Annan, on the Scotch Border, my old school-place, within six miles of the smoke of my mother's cottage; very well known to me, all dead and a few living things, when once I am at Annan.

"This is the extent of my project, which may or may not become an action, though I do hope and wish in the affirmative at present. What part of it chiefly depends on you is, to say whether or not you are in Dublin, how a sight of Conciliation Hall (I want nothing more but a sight with somebody to give me the names) in full work is to be obtained; and what else, if anything, you could recommend to the notice of a very obtuse and lonesome stranger taking a two days' glimpse of such a place. Do this for me, if you please, so soon as you find an hour of leisure; my address is 'Mrs. Paulet's, Seaforth House, Liverpool,' whither also, if you could make your people send the *Nation* till new notice,

it would save a little time and trouble to certain parties. But that latter point is, of course, not important.

"Mr. O'Connell, I am not much concerned to find, is somewhat palpably deserting 'Repeal,' and getting into a *truer* relation, I suppose, towards the earnest men of Ireland who do mean what they talk. I cannot say any man's word that I hear from your side of the water gives me anything like an unmixed satisfaction, except for most part your own: there is a candid clear manfulness, simplicity, and truth in the things you write for your people (at least I impute them to you) which seems to me the grain of blessed unnoticed wheat among those whirlwinds of noisy chaff, which afflict me as they pass on their way to Chaos, their fated inevitable way; but the wheat, I say to myself, will grow. So be it. Expecting a word from you soon.—Yours always truly, T. CARLYLE."

I welcomed the project cordially, and received further details when he had already set out on his summer excursion.

"SEAFORTH HOUSE, LIVERPOOL,
Aug. 6, 1846.

"Your hospitable and most friendly message found me here the day after my arrival. Travelling suits me very ill, only the fruit of travelling is of some worth to me. Heaven, I think, among other things, will be a place where one has leave to sit still.

"The Belfast steamer, it turned out on inquiry,

sailed only once a fortnight; the first day too early for my limits, the second too late. Belfast therefore was out. There remained then Dublin, and perhaps a run to Drogheda, and back again to Liverpool; which did for some days seem possible; but new perversities arose from another side, unforeseen or but half foreseen; and on the whole I have to decide that Ireland for the present is impossible; that I must embark for my mother's this night. To-morrow morning my address, if I prosper, will be 'Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, N.B.,' to which place, if you can again trouble your clerk to direct my copy of the *Nation*, or failing that, to return to his old Chelsea address, it will be a kind of saving of trouble. I by no means give up my notion yet of seeing you and a glimpse of Ireland before returning home, but I must attack it now on the other side, and after a variety of Scotch movements, which are still much in the vague for me. My wife stays here for a few days longer with some relations in the neighbourhood, and after that, I hope, will join me in Scotland; but her health at this moment is far from good, and her movements are and must be a little uncertain. She still remembers you with true interest, and is far enough from standing between me and Ireland: she rather urges me thither, did not laziness and destiny withstand. This with many real regards and regrets, and with real hopes too, is all I can say of my Irish travels at present. You shall certainly hear of me again before I return.

"For the present (though this was not one of

my motives) it has struck me you might be as well *not* to have me or any stranger near you! A crisis, and, as I augur, perhaps a truly blessed one, is even now going on in your affairs. For the first time I read a Conciliation Hall debate last week; the veracity and manfulness, the intelligence and dignity seemed to me to be all on one side, and the transaction, though beneficent, was to me a really tragic character. But the *divorce* of earnest valour from blustering and incoherent nonsense is a thing that did behove to come. May a blessing follow it! Much *may* follow.—Yours always,

"T. CARLYLE."

In the autumn he wrote from Scotsbrig, where he was on a visit to his mother, that his arrangements were nearly completed, and again, a little later, to announce the day of his arrival in Ireland.

"SCOTSBRIG, *August* 29, 1846.

"I am still here, lounging about, with occasional excursions, in a very idle manner, for some weeks past; one of the saddest, most mournfully interesting scenes for me in all this world. The moors are still silent, green, and sunny, and the great blue vault is still a kind of temple for one there; almost the only kind of temple one can try to worship in in these days. Otherwise, the country is greatly in a state of *degravement*, the harvest, with its black potato-fields, no great things, and all roads and lanes overrun with drunken *navvies;* for our great

Caledonian Railway passes in this direction, *two* railways, and all the world here, as elsewhere, calculates on getting to Heaven by steam! I have not in my travels seen anything uglier than that disorganic mass of labourers, sunk threefold deeper in brutality by the threefold wages they are getting. The Yorkshire and Lancashire men, I hear, are reckoned the worst, and, not without glad surprise, I find that the Irish are the best in point of behaviour. The postmaster tells me several of the poor Irish do regularly apply to him for money drafts, and send their earnings home. The English, who eat 'twice' as much beef, consume the residue in whisky, and do not trouble the postmaster. If there were any legislator in this country, he would swiftly and somewhat sternly, I think, interfere in the matter: a poor self-cancelling 'National Palaver' cannot interfere. 'Parliament in College Green!' O Heaven, you ought daily to thank Heaven that that is for ever an impossibility for you! I would like also to show Exeter Hall and the Anti-Slavery Convention a glimpse of these free and independent navvies on the evening of monthly pay-day, and for a fortnight after. But enough of them and their affairs.

"I am now looking homewards; but have not yet by any means given up my purpose to have a glance at Ireland first. On the contrary, I am now busy making out an eligible route. One or two on closer investigation have been renounced; my view at present is towards Ayrshire, towards some of the

Western Scotch ports. Glasgow, at any rate, will not fail to offer a steamer, but I do not, except on necessity, care to see Glasgow at present. One way or other, I think it likely I may be in Ireland, on some point or other, in a week hence. You shall hear from me again, with more minute specifications, in not many days.

"If Dundrum be, as I fancy, a clean sea-village, it might be possible to procure, what I find for most part very unattainable away from home, a lodging with a *quiet bedroom*, in which the wretched traveller might hope for natural sleep. All else is indifferent but that; and that, too, has generally to make itself indifferent. But if such were the case, I might very pleasantly stay two or three days beside you, and bathe in the Irish Sea, before I went farther. In any case I mean to see you there, to have a considerable colloquy with you, if I can. My next address will be Dumfries (Mrs. Aitken, Assembly Street), but after Wednesday I shall not be sure of getting it at once. Pray let the *Nation* henceforth be sent to Chelsea as heretofore, where my wife will now in two days be. I wish I were there myself, and my travels well over.—Yours ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

"DUMFRIES, *Sept.* 2, 1846.

"On Friday, the day after to-morrow, I propose to set out for Ayr; and ten miles beyond that, at Ardrossan, expect to find a steamer which will land me at Belfast early next morning, some time between

4 and 6 A.M. of Saturday. I hope to see Belfast, and get very swiftly out of the smoke of it again. So far is clear prediction, if the Fates will; after that I am somewhat in the vague; but do confidently expect to find some coach that will carry me to Drogheda that same day, and calculate accordingly on passing the Saturday night at Drogheda, *sleeping* or not as the Destinies appoint. From Drogheda to you, by aid of railways, &c., I think there cannot be above two hours: some time on Sunday, at some place or other, I flatter myself, we shall have met. My ulterior movements shall remain undecided till I have rested for a day.

"Drogheda, as Cromwell's city, and twice besieged in that war, is a place I could look at for some hours with proper interest, especially if I had an intelligent monitor to tell me what to look at, but that I fear is far too great a luxury to hope for; I must try to do the best I can without that. In any case, I will call at the Post Office, and if a letter from you lie there waiting me with any indication as to Drogheda, and more especially as to yourself, and how I can best see you, it is like to be very welcome indeed. No more in such a hurry as this."

Dundrum was not, as Carlyle supposed, a watering-place on the coast, but a village on a slope of the Dublin mountains, where I was then spending the summer. It contented him, however, and he met there, among other notabilities, most of the writers and orators on whom their contemporaries

bestowed the sobriquet of Young Ireland. He was evidently pleased with some of them, and he won their respect and sympathy in no limited measure. We brought him to Conciliation Hall, where he saw O'Connell, and to as many of the lions of Dublin as it was possible to interest him in, and after a brief visit he sailed away to England, leaving many enthusiastic friends behind. The relation of these young Irishmen to Carlyle was somewhat different from the relation existing between him and thoughtful young Englishmen. He did not teach them to think as *he* thought, but he confirmed their determination to think for themselves. As they were not idlers or fops, but serious students, they welcomed his dictum that work done was the best evidence of life and manhood, and that any toleration of shams or false pretences was fatal to self-respect. I can confidently affirm that his writings were often a cordial to their hearts in doubt and difficulty, and that their lives were more sincere, simple, and steadfast because they knew him.

W. E. FORSTER.

The year after his visit the famine which sprang from the potato blight of 1846 was raging in Ireland. He sent me the report of a young Quaker intrusted with the distribution of a relief fund contributed chiefly by the Society of Friends. It exhibited such practical sense and generous sympathy that I read it with much interest, little foreseeing that the young man would, in a few years, become a stern

ruler of the country to which he was a benevolent visitor.

"CHELSEA, *March* 1, 1847.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Here is a paper which has come to me to-day from the writer of it, a very worthy acquaintance of mine, which as a small memorial of me for the moment, a small drop of oil on huge waters of bitterness and tumult, I send you to read. Forster is a young wealthy manufacturer, who migrated some years ago from Devonshire or Cornwall to Yorkshire for taking up that trade, and was recommended to me by John Sterling; I have ever since liked him very well. A Quaker, or rather the son of a Quaker, for he himself has little to do with what is obsolete, a most cheery, frank-hearted, courageous, clear-sighted young fellow:—the Quakers, some months ago, made a special subscription for Ireland, and decided, like prudent people, on seeing with their own eyes their money laid out. Forster's father and self were of the deputation for that end, or, for aught I know, were the sole deputation; and this is the report they have given in. Read it, I say, and enjoy five minutes of a Sabbath-feeling—not too frequent with any of us in these times.

"It is long since I heard anything direct from you; nay, in the *Nation* itself I now find but little of you; only here and there, in some genial, honest, patient *human* word (as in the paper on *Emigration* last week) do I trace your hand, and with all my heart wish it speed. The aspect of Ireland is beyond

words at present. The most thoughtless here is struck into momentary *silence* in looking at it; the wisest among us cannot guess what the end of these things is to be. For it is not Ireland alone; starving Ireland will become starving Scotland and starving England in a little while; if this despicable root will but *continue* dead, we may at last all say that we have changed our sordid chronic pestilential atrophy into a swift fierce crisis of death or the beginning of cure; and all 'revolutions' are but small to this—if the potato will but stay *away!*

"Your Irish governing class are now actually brought to the Bar; arraigned before Heaven and Earth of *mis*governing this Ireland, and no Lord John Russell, or 'Irish Party' in Palace Yard, and no man or combination of men can save them from their sentence, to govern it better, or to disappear and die. The sins of the fathers fall heavy on the children, if after *ten* generations—surely, I think, of all the trades in the world that of Irish landlord at this moment is the frightfullest. The Skibbereen peasant dies at once in a few days; but his landlord will have to perish by inches, through long years of disquieting tumult, dark violence, and infatuation under yet undeveloped forms; and *him*, if God take not pity on him, nobody else will pity! Either this, it seems to me, is inevitable for the Irish landlord, or else a degree of manfulness and generous wisdom, such as one hardly dares to hope from him—from him or from those about him. It is really a tremendous epoch we have come to, if

the potato will not return! And then, as I said, our Scotch landlords, and then also our English, come in their turn to the Bar—not much less guilty, if much more fortunate—and they now will have a ravelled account to settle! But England and they are fortunate in this, that we have already *another* aristocracy (that of wealth, nay, in some measure that of wisdom, piety, courage)—an aristocracy not at all of the 'chimerical' or 'do nothing' sort, though not yet recognised in the Heralds' books, or elsewhere well; but an aristocracy which does actually guide and govern the people, to such extent at least as that they do not by wholesale die of hunger. That you in Ireland, except in some fractions of Ulster, altogether want this, and have nothing *but* landlords, seems to me the fearful peculiarity of Ireland. To relieve Ireland from this; to at least render Ireland *habitable* for capitalists, if not for heroes; to invite capital, and industrial governors and guidance (from Lancashire, from Scotland, from the moon, and from the Ring of Saturn), what other salvation can one see for Ireland? The end and aim of all true patriotism is surely thitherward at present! Alas! you must tell Mitchel that I read with ever greater pain those wild articles of his, which, so much do I love in them otherwise, often make me very sad. Daniel O'Connell, poor old man, now nearly *done* with his noisy unveracities, has played a sad part in this earth! All Ireland cries out, 'You have saved us.' But the fact is very far otherwise. Good Heavens!

when I think what pestilent distraction, leading direct to revolt and grape-shot, and yet unsounded depths of misery he has cast into all young heroic hearts of Ireland, I could wish the man never had been born! Mitchel may depend on it, it is not repeal from England, but repeal *from the Devil*, that will save Ireland. England, too, I can very honestly tell him, is heartily desirous of 'Repeal,' would welcome repeal with both hands if England did not see that repeal had been forbidden by the laws of Nature, and could in the least believe in repeal! Ireland, I think, cannot *lift anchor* and sail away with itself. We are married to Ireland by the ground-plan of this world—a thick-skinned labouring man to a drunken ill-tongued wife, and dreadful family quarrels have ensued! Mitchel I reckon to be a noble, chivalrous fellow, full of talent and manful temper of every kind. In fact, I love him very much, and must infinitely regret to see the like of him enveloped in such poor delusions, partisanships, and narrow violences, very unworthy of him. 'Young Ireland,' furthermore, ought to understand that it is to them that the sense and veracity of England looks mainly for help in a better administering of Ireland; to them (and not to the O'Connell party, who are well seen for what they are), to them, in spite of all their violence, for it is believed that there are among them true men. This I can testify as a fact on rather good evidence. Adieu, dear Duffy; I meant but a word, and here is an essay!—Ever yours,

T. CARLYLE.

"The Chapmans were to send you a book they had been reprinting of mine. I suppose it arrived safe. Read the *Tablet* of yesterday, and forgive the editor for some nonsense that now and then falls from him; this is *sense*. These poor priests in Cloyne: weeks ago, when I read the report of their meeting, I said to myself, 'Thank God for it. This is the first rational utterance of the human voice I have yet heard in that wide howl of misery and folly which makes the heart sick!' May all the priests in Ireland with one accord do the like, and all true Irishmen join with them. Adieu."

A little later he sent felicitations on an event of high personal importance to me.

"CHELSEA, *March* 15, 1847.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I am delighted to hear of your good fortune! From a phrase in your former letter I had been anticipating something of this kind, which now it seems has happily arrived. I noticed the young beauty, among the others, that day in Bagot Street; but had I then known what was coming I should have taken a much closer survey. Pray give her my best regards; my true wishes that this new union may be blessed to you both, that you may have many happy, and, what is much more, many brave and noble years together in this world. If it be the will of the Fates, I shall be right glad to make farther acquaintance with this lady, perhaps under better auspices, some time by-and-by.

The site of your new house (for we went by so many routes to Dundrum) is not at present very clear to me; may I know it better one day, and see with satisfaction what a temple of the Muses and stronghold of the heroisms and veracities you have made of it, even in these dark times! A man in all 'times' makes his own world: this in the darkest condition of the elements is a gospel that should never forsake us.

"I am very idle here at present; but surely, if I live, shall not always be 'idle.' The world, mainly a wretched world of imposture from zenith to nadir, seems as if threatening to fall rapidly to pieces in huge ruin about one's ears; it seems as if in this loss of the poor Irish potato the last beggarly film that hid the abyss from us were snatched away, and now its black throat lay yawning, visible even to fools! How to demean oneself in these new circumstances is rather a question. We shall see *Bocca stretta occhi sciolti.*

"I will say no more about 'Repeal' at present. The 'Coxcombs in London' are a dreadful sorrow to us all, and every honest soul of us is straining as he can to get rid of *them* in some good way—to change them and their windy spouting establishment into some real council of Amphictyons. But we know also that already they are not 'the Government,' except in name merely; that already the real *Government*, and even the Acts of Parliament, for every locality, rest truly with those that have power in that locality—in Ireland with the Irish aristocracy,

for example; the more is your woe! Do you think *they* are precious to any good man here? Adieu.

"T. CARLYLE."

HIS SECOND VISIT TO IRELAND.

Three years later, Carlyle paid a second visit to Ireland. To make the conditions and circumstances of this new journey intelligible, some brief explanation may be convenient. In the interval the political and personal fortunes of his Irish friends had undergone a tragical reverse. The generous young men who surrounded him in 1846 were for the most part State prisoners or political refugees in 1849. A famine, which had twice decimated the agricultural population in a country which produced a superabundance of food for all its people, drove men to abandon further reliance on petitions and remonstrances to a deaf oracle. The European revolutions of 1848 indicated another possible remedy for intolerable wrongs, and in the midsummer of that year a national insurrection was attempted. In the forlorn and dispirited condition of the people it failed utterly, and the men responsible for the attempt, some of the very men, indeed, who had welcomed Carlyle to Ireland three years earlier, were convicted of high treason or treason felony, and were transported beyond the seas.

For my part, I had been four times arraigned for the same offence as my friends, but it proved impossible to obtain a verdict. The curious story

of my escape has been already told in detail.[1] It may be stated in a sentence. Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant, honoured me with his special enmity, and to procure a sure and speedy verdict against me, so overstrained the criminal law that, by the skill of my eminent counsel, the instrument was shattered in his hands. After ten months' close imprisonment, during which the steam was three times kindled in the frigate designed to carry me into penal exile, and had to be three times extinguished amid public laughter, which seriously discomposed official and judicial persons, I was admitted to bail, to come up if required for another trial at the next Commission.

During my imprisonment, Carlyle wrote to me with affectionate sympathy. He was far from approving of an Irish revolution, or believing one possible; but it may be assumed that he was of opinion I had not done anything in furtherance of that object unworthy of a man of honour.

"CHELSEA, *October* 21, 1848.

"DEAR DUFFY,—It was not till last night that I could discover for myself any distinct plan of attempting to convey a word of sympathy to you, in this the time of your distress; and I know not still for certain whether the small enterprise can take effect. If this bit of paper do reach you within your strait walls, let it be an assurance that you are

[1] "Four Years of Irish History." By Sir C. Gavan Duffy. London: Cassell & Co.

still dear to me; that in this sad crisis which has now arrived, we here at Chelsea do not find new cause for blame superadded to the old, but new cause for pity and respect, and loving candour, and for hope still, in spite of all! The one blame I ever had to lay upon you, as you well know, was that, like a young heroic all-trusting Irish soul, you had *believed* in the prophesying of a plausible son of lies preaching deliverance to your poor country; and believing, had, as you were bound in that case, proceeded to put the same in practice, cost what it might cost to you.

"Even in this wild course, often enough denounced by me, I have to give you this testimony, that your conduct was never other than noble; that whoever might show himself savage, narrow-minded, hateful in his hatred, C. G. Duffy always was humane and dignified and manful; nay, often enough, in the midst of those mad tumults, I had to recognise a voice of clear modest wisdom and courageous veracity, admonishing 'Repealers' that their true enemy was not England after all, that repeal from England, except accompanied by *repeal from the Devil*, would and could do nothing for them; and this most welcome true voice, almost the only such I could hear in Ireland, was the same C. G. Duffy's. Courage, my friend; all is not yet lost! A tragic destiny has severed you from that one source of mischief in your life. Let this, though at such a hideous cost to you, be welcome, as instruction dear-bought but indispensable! By Heaven's blessing, this is no *finis* in your course,

but the *finis* only of a huge mistake, and the beginning of a much nobler course, delivered from that. I mean what I say. The soul of a man *can* by no agency, of men or of devils, be lost and ruined, but by his own only; in all scenes and situations this is true, and if you are the true man I take you to be, you will find it so yet. Courage, I say; courage, patience, and for a time *pious silence!* If it please God, there is yet a day given us; '*all* days have not set;' no, only some of them.

"Dear Duffy, I know not whether you can send me any word of remembrance from the place where you are, but rather understand that you *cannot*, nor is it material, for I can supply the word. But if now, or henceforth at any time while I live, I could be of any honest service to you, by my resources or connections here or otherwise, surely it would be very welcome news to me. Farewell for the present. My wife joins in affectionate salutation to you. That autumn evening on the pier at Kingstown, with your kind figure, and Mitchel's in the crowd, yes, it will be memorable to me while I continue in this world. Adieu.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

After my release from prison, I spent a few weeks in London, and saw much of Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, and their closest friends. I do not think his second visit to Ireland was projected at that time, but shortly after my return home he mooted it in a letter.

"CHELSEA, 29*th May* 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—There has risen a speculation in me, which is getting rather lively in these weeks, of coming over to have a deliberate walk in Ireland, and to look at the strange doings of the Powers there with my own eyes for a little. The hot season here—of baked pavements, burning skies, and mad artificialities growing ever madder, till in August they collapse by sheer exhaustion—is always frightful to me; and during this season, from various causes, is likely to be frightfuller than common: add to which, that I have fewer real fetters binding me here than usual—nothing express at all but an edition of 'Cromwell,' which the printers, especially after two weeks hence, may manage for themselves; in short, all taken together, I incline much to decide that I ought to give myself the sight of one other country summer somewhere on this green earth, and that Ireland, on several accounts, has strong claims of preference on me. I do not expect much pleasure there, or properly any 'pleasure.' Alás! a *Book* is sticking in my heart, which cannot get itself written at all; and till that be written there is no hope of peace or benefit for me anywhere. Neither do I expect to learn much out of Ireland. Ireland is, this long while past, pretty satisfactorily intelligible to me—no phenomenon that comes across from it requiring much explanation; but it seems worth while to *look* a little at the unutterable *Curtius Gulf* of British,

and indeed of European, things, which has visibly broken forth there: in that respect, if not in another, Ireland seems to me the notablest of all spots in the world at present. 'There is your problem—*yours*, too, my friend.' I will say to myself, 'Then, see what you will make of that!' In short, why shouldn't I go and look at Ireland, and be my own (*Eternity's*) Commissioner there? Wm. Edward Forster, the young Quaker whom you have seen, offers to attend me for at least two weeks, from the middle of June onwards; and, in truth, day after day the project is assuming a more practical form. Probably something really *may* come of it.

"My preparations hitherto do not amount to much; yet I am doing, under obstructions, what I can. Yesterday, not till after much groping, I did at last get a tolerable map of Ireland (the Railway Commissioners', in six big pieces). I have examined or re-examined various books; but, unfortunately, find hardly one in the hundred worth examining. Sir James Ware's book (by Harris) is the one good book I have yet seen. Flaherty says 'Camden saw England with both eyes, Scotland with only one, and Ireland *cæcus*, with none'—nevertheless, Camden is yet by far my best guide in historical topography; indeed he, the very Apollo of topographers, has rendered all others vile to me, unendurable on any ground that he has touched. I have also read the life of *St. Patrick*—Jocelyn's absurd legend; the dreary commentaries of poor

Bollandists; and St. Patrick's own *Confessio* (which I believe to be genuinely his, though unfortunately it is typical, not biographical); and one of the few places where I yet clearly aim to be is on the top of Croagh Patrick, to wish I could gather all the serpents, devils, and *malefici* thither again, and rolling them up into one big mass, fling the whole safely into Clew Bay again! St. Patrick's Purgatory too (but the real one,—in Lough Erne, I think); the Hill of Tarah likewise,—and if I could find that Castle of Darwasth (or Ardnochar and Horseleap, in W. Meath county), where the native carpenter, when Hugh de Lacy was showing him the mode of chipping and adzing, suddenly took his axe and brained De Lacy—I should esteem it worth while. The famishing Unions [1] I of course want especially to see; this of itself, I suppose, will take me into the 'Picturesque' department, which, on its own strength, I must not profess to regard much. What remarkable *men* have you in Ireland? *There* is a very wide question. But, in fact, I am still, as you perceive, in a dim inquiring condition as to this tour, and solicit help from any likely quarter. Aubrey de Vere has undertaken to put down on paper his notions of a set of Irish *notabiles* and *notabilia* for me: one of the purposes of this letter was partly to try whether you perhaps would not contribute a little in the same way, or in any other way. Write me a word as soon as you have leisure on this and on other things.

[1] The Poor Law Unions, where the famine was most aggravated.

"[John] Forster was greatly pleased with you both, and perhaps there may be an abatement of nonsense in one small province of things by reason of that visit. What you are deciding on for your own future course will be very interesting to me, so soon as it has got the length of being talked about. We send many kind regards to Mrs. Duffy, last seen as a *Naiad*, then vanishing in the dust of the Strand—Eheu! In Bagot Street there is a beautiful sister, whom I remember well, and always wish to be remembered by.[1] No more; paper and time are done.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

A second letter on the same subject refers to my conditional promise to accompany him on his excursion, the condition being that I was not in prison at the time fixed for the journey, for my bail terminated on the 12th of July, little more than a month from the date of his letter.

"CHELSEA, *June* 8, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Many thanks for your comfortable, kind, and instructive letter. I like well to fancy you fishing in the clear waters about Bray, in the still valley of the Dargle, in this weather, and do imagine that whatever else you may catch, there is a real chance of your achieving, in such scenes

[1] Mrs. Callan, a woman of remarkable gifts and accomplishments, to whom Carlyle, as will be seen, sent friendly messages for more than forty years.

and employments, some addition of health and composure both to body and mind. Fear nothing for the '12th of July;' there is, I suppose, not the slightest purpose on the part of the official persons to try that operation again; they know too well that if they did, they have not the least chance to succeed. If it pleases Heaven, you shall *have* passed victoriously through that most dangerous experiment—dangerous not from Monahan[1] alone, or even chiefly, as I read it, and a new and clearer course will henceforth open for you, not to terminate without results that all wise men will rejoice at. You have an Ireland ready to be taught by you, readier by you just now than by any other man; and God knows it needs teaching in all provinces of its affairs, in regard to all matters human and divine! Consider yourself as a brand snatched from the burning, a *providential* man, saved by the beneficent gods for doing a *man's* work yet, in this noisy, bewildered, quack-ridden and devil-ridden world; and let it, this thought, in your modest ingenuous heart, rather give you fear and pious anxiety than exultation or rash self-confidence—as I know it will.

"Certainly I mean to avail myself of your guidance, of your proffered company, if it will at all suit; and we will take 'the three weeks' in whatever quarter your resources can best profit the common enterprise. Meanwhile, as to time—though I feel that there ought now to be no delay on my

[1] The Irish Attorney-General.

part (for, in fact, I must soon go to Ireland or elsewhither), there has yet been no day fixed, and my speculations and inquiries, which still continue, yield me scattered points of interest all over Ireland; but except the 'famine districts,' which one must see, but would not quite hasten to see, there is no point I am decisively attracted to beyond all others; so that the voyage hitherto is still *in nubibus* as to all its details. As to the day of its commencement, which is the first indispensable detail, A. de Vere advises that I should wait a little till the cholera abate in those sad regions. I myself think of coming by steam from London at once, speculate on starting second Thursday hence, sometimes (in sanguine moments) even *first* Thursday! To-morrow I am to consult with Twistleton (an excellent man, who loves Ireland, whom you would have loved had you known him); to-day I go for the *Penny Cyclopædia* affairs you spoke of. I read *Fraser* too, with the map; and much else. I must see Glendalough, Ferns, Enniscorthy, Doneraile (Mouser's House there); in fact, I am getting fondest of Wexford, I find. Write to me what *your* times are, so far as they are fixed.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

But to get a philosopher afloat on seas which he had not explored was no ordinary enterprise, and it needed several additional despatches before he set sail.

"CHELSEA, *June* 16, 1849.

"Ever since Sunday last I have had a despicable snivelling cold hanging about me; fruit of these grim north winds, which we enjoy here in the grey condition with almost no sun. Add to this a most wearisome miniature painter, who (with almost no effect) has cut out the flower of every morning for me; and has not yet ended, though he is now reduced to after-dinner hours—and, in fact, may end when he like, for he will never manage his affair, I perceive.

"So that I have been obliged to give up Thursday *first*, but do now definitely say *Thursday come a week*. Barring accidents, I mean to sail on that day (10 A.M.) in the steamer for Dublin from this port; when the steamer will arrive, you can perhaps tell *me*, for I do not yet learn here, having hitherto been no farther eastward than the office in the Regent's Circus in prosecution of my inquiry. Expect me then, however, if accidents befall not, and if with utmost industry I do not fail to get these innumerable ragtaggeries settled or suppressed in time for that morning; 'Thursday come a week,' which I think is the twenty-eighth of the month, is announced as my day of sailing. Mrs. Carlyle purposes, in a day or two after, to set out for Scotland and some secluded visiting among friends. Forster *may* now, for what I know, appear in Dublin about the same time; his perennial cheerfulness, intelligent, hearty, and active habits would

render him a very useful element in such an expedition, I believe. But at any rate, I am delighted that you go with me, and I really anticipate a little good from the business for myself and for all of us.

"Twistleton, whom I see again to-morrow, will furnish the introductions you suggest. If the agent of any English estate, or indeed, I suppose, of any chief Irish one, could prove serviceable, most probably some of my friends here could procure it for me; but that, at any rate, can be managed from Ireland quite as well. Of Irish aristocrats I remember only Stafford O'Brien, Lord Bessborough, Castlereagh, &c., none of whom, by the aspect of him, had much promise for me. I suppose the Imperial Hotel is as good as any? Please say, and consider of tours and of methods, &c., for two persons, and for third Kildare, Maynooth, &c., and then southward along the coast. Three days in Dublin, or even two.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

"CHELSEA, *June* 24, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Your Dublin agent for ships is right, and I am wrong: for Dublin the days of sailing are Wednesday and Saturday (if one looks narrowly, with spectacles, into the corners of the thing); and what is more, their *hour* of sailing seems to be variable, sometimes so early in the morning as would not suit me at all! Add to which, I am sunk over head and ears in a new avalanche of Cromwell rubbish all this day (the *last*, I do

hope, of that particular species of employment!), and I have barely time to save the post, and send you a word *postponing* the exact decision. On the whole, Holyhead and the railway still survive. My attraction for the other route was partly that I might see once the southern shores of England; also that I might be left *entirely alone*, which, for two days in a returning Dublin steamer, I calculated might well be my lot. Alone, and very miserable, it will beseem me to be, a good deal in this the most original of my 'tours.' Brief, on Monday I will try to settle it, and then tell you.

"Forster does not come with me; will join me when I like after, &c., &c. I mean that *you* shall initiate me into the methods of Irish travel, and keep me company so far as our routes, once fixed upon, will go together. Your friendly cheerfulness, your knowledge of Ireland, all your goodness to me, I must make available. Define to yourself what it is you specially aim towards in travelling, that I may see how far without straining I can draw upon you.

"People are giving me letters, &c. Aubrey de Vere has undertaken for 'six good Irish landlords,' vehemently protesting that 'six' (suggested by me) is not the maximum number. He wishes to send me across direct to Kilkee (Clare County), where his friends now are. A day or two of peace at some nice bathing-place, to swim about, and then sit silent looking out on the divine salt flood, is very inviting to my fancy; but Kilkee all at once will not be the place, I find.

"Twistleton brought his successor Power down with him last night. I hoped Power might have been an Irishman; but I do not think he is. Twistleton is decidedly a *loss* to Ireland, I reckon, as matters now stand; a man of much loyalty, pious affection, stout intelligence, and manful capability every way.

"I have read a good many of your friend Ferguson's 'Irish Counties,' which is slow work, if one hold fast by the map; but is very instructive. I wish these articles existed as a separate book.[1] I would take them with me as the best *vade mecum* on such a journey. Have you got the book 'Facts from Gweedore'? I never could see it yet, but consider it well worth seeing. Irish songs you also remember.

"A Mr. Miley, a Catholic priest of your city, was to have come to me one day; but I think the unfortunate painter must have deterred Lucas and him; at all events, they did not appear.

"Enough for this day; on Monday a more definite prophecy, as to time at least.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

"CHELSEA, *June* 26, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—On Wednesday, by the *Athlone*, or by something else better if I fail in the *Athlone* (of which you shall have notice); expect me, therefore, not later than that day; and so let one point, the preliminary of all, be fixed at last.

[1] Probably Sir Samuel Ferguson's topographical papers in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

"A stock of letters, to be used or not, for Dublin and other places, especially for the ruined West, is accumulating on me; in Dublin I have a Dr. Stokes, Dr. Kennedy, Chambers Walker, and various military and official people; certainly longer than 'two days' will be needed in Dublin if I am to get much good of these people; but I will make what despatch proves possible.

"You have your 'routes' in a state of readiness that we may be able at once to get to business. At present, Maynooth, Kildare town, and then some march across to Glendalough, or through Wicklow, is figuring in my imagination; after which, Wexford, Ross, Waterford, &c. But in my present state of insight all hangs in the clouds. I wish only I were fairly among the hills and green places, with the summer breeze blowing round me, and a friendly soul to guide and cheer me in my pilgrimage. Kildare, I repeat, for St. Bridget's sake—Bridekirk (her kirk, I suppose), was almost the place of my birth; and Bridget herself, under the oaks 1400 years ago, is for her own sake beautiful to me. One Fitzgerald, a Suffolk Irish friend of long standing, offers me introduction to some specifically Irish family of his kindred in that region—on the Curragh itself, if I remember. We shall see.

"All kinds of business yet remain for me, and not a minute to spare. People say the Queen is coming to look at Ireland, foolish creature!—Yours ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle reached Dublin on 3rd of July, and spent a week in accepting hospitalities from a few of his original friends of 1846 who remained, and from various official personages, to whom he brought introductions from London. He left behind some hasty notes of his Irish journey, which have unhappily been published since his death. He gave them to his amanuensis soon after they were written; they passed through several hands, and finally reached a firm of publishers, who printed them, and sent proofs to certain of Carlyle's friends for consideration. I recommended that the proposed volume should be suppressed, out of respect for his memory; but Mr. Froude, who could speak with more authority in the premises, was of opinion that the publishers were free to do what they pleased with what had become their property, and he saw no objection to their giving it to the world. Carlyle describes himself as setting out from Scotland "in sad health and sad humour," and this temporary gloom discolours the book. Though he is universally courteous in his references to the friends to whom I presented him in Dublin and during the subsequent journey, some of them country gentlemen, barristers, and doctors, who a few months before had been political prisoners, or inscribed in the Castle list of suspects, he writes of notable persons of both sexes in Dublin who received him with lavish hospitality with a license of language which I am persuaded he himself would neither have justified nor sanctioned had he lived to see it in

print.[1] There is nothing which a man might not have written to his wife or friend without offence, but there is much quite unfit to be launched into publicity.

Carlyle was at this time past fifty years of age, had a strong, well-knit frame, a dark, ruddy complexion, piercing blue eyes, close-drawn lips, and an air of silent composure and authority. He was commonly dressed in a dark suit, a black stock, a deep folding linen collar, and a wide-brimmed hat, sometimes changed for one of soft felt. A close observer would have recognised him as a Scotchman, and probably concluded that he was a Scotchman who had filled some important employment. There

[1] This is the book known as "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849." By Thomas Carlyle. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1882.

A curious pedigree of Irish discontent might be extracted from Carlyle's experience on this journey. He was the guest in Dublin, Kilkenny, Cork, Galway, and other towns, of men who were embodiments of a passion which had quite recently exploded in an unsuccessful insurrection. The introductions he brought from London were sometimes to men who were sons of noted rebels of a previous generation, who had conspired with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone for separation from England. Dr. Stokes, President of the College of Physicians, and a Professor in the University, he notes as "son of an United Irishman." Sir Alexander MacDonnell, Chief Commissioner of Education, as "son of an United Irishman, too;" and in a young Fellow of the University he recognises the Laureate of '98. He even encountered the Irish discontent, which was ripening for an eruption twenty years later, in the person of Isaac Butt, not yet an avowed Nationalist. "I saw, among others, Councillor Butt, brought up to me by Duffy: a terribly black, burly son of earth; talent visible in him, but still more animalism; big bison-head, black, not *quite* unbrutal: glad when he went off 'to the Galway Circuit' or whithersoever."

was not a shade of discontent or impatience discernible in his countenance; if these feelings arose, they were kept in check by a disciplined will. It must be remembered that by this time his life had grown tranquil; he had outlived his early struggles to obtain a footing in life and a hearing from the world; he had written the "French Revolution" and "Cromwell," and his place in literature was no longer in doubt. A number of young Englishmen, beginning to distinguish themselves as writers or in public life, recognised him as master, and one of the show-places which distinguished foreigners were sure to visit in London was the narrow house in a dingy little street off the Thames, where the Philosopher of Chelsea resided.

This is the aspect he presented among men to whom he was for the most part new. But I must speak of his relation to his fellow-traveller. If you want to know a man, says the proverb, make a solitary journey with him. We travelled for six weeks on a stretch, nearly always *tête-à-tête*. If I be a man who has entitled himself to be believed, I ask those who have come to regard Carlyle as exacting and domineering among associates, to accept as the simple truth my testimony that during those weeks of close and constant intercourse, there was not one word or act of his to the young man who was his travelling companion unworthy of an indulgent father. Of arrogance or impatience not a shade. In debating the arrangements of the journey, and all the questions in which fellow-travellers have a –

joint interest, instead of exercising the authority to which his age and character entitled him, he gave and took with complaisance and good-fellowship.

I do not desire the reader to infer that the stories of a contrary character are absolutely unfounded; but they have been exaggerated out of reasonable relation to fact, and have caused him to be grievously misunderstood. He was a man of genuine good nature, with deep sympathy and tenderness for human suffering, and of manly patience under troubles. In all the serious cares of life, the repeated disappointment of reasonable hopes, in privation bordering on penury, and in long-delayed recognition by the world, he bore himself with constant courage and forbearance. He was easily disturbed, indeed, by petty troubles, when they interfered with his life's work, never otherwise. Silence is the necessary condition of serious thought, and he was impatient of any disturbance which interrupted it. Unexpected intrusion breaks the thread of reflection, often past repair, and he was naturally averse to such intrusion. He had sacrificed what is called success in life in order to be free to think in solitude and silence; and this precious peace, the atmosphere in which his work prospered, he guarded rigorously. At times he suffered from dyspepsia, and critics are sometimes disposed to forget that dyspepsia is as much a malady, and as little a moral blemish, as toothache or gout, and the sufferer a victim rather than an offender. I shall perhaps return to this subject, and I am content to say here that I have

often seen a "brisk little somebody critic and whipper-snapper in a rage to set things right" show more temper in an hour than this maligned man in an exhausting journey of weeks.

We travelled slowly during a great part of July and August, through Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, in journeys of many hours at a time, made in the carriages of our friends, in railway trains, stage coaches, or Irish cars. There were opportunities for continued talk, which I turned to account in a manner which Carlyle describes in his "Irish Reminiscences." Two or three extracts will sufficiently indicate how the daily *tête-à-tête* was employed.

"Waterford car at last, in the hot afternoon we rattled forth into the dust. . . . Scrubby ill-cultivated country. Duffy talking much, *that is—making me talk*. Kilmacthomas, clean, white village, hanging on the steep declinedingly. Duffy discovered; enthusiasm of all for him, even the policeman. Driver privately whispered me he would like to give a cheer. 'Don't, it would do him no good.' . . . Jerpoint Abbey, huge distressing mass of ruins, huts leaning on the back of it—to me nothing worth at all, or less than nothing if *dilettantism* must join with it. Rest of the road singularly forgotten; *Duffy keeping me so busy at talk*, I suppose. 'Carrickshock' farm on the west, where '18 police,' seizing for tithes, were set upon and all killed some eighteen or more years ago. And next? Vacancy, not even

our talk remembered in the least—*probably of questions which I had to answer.* Duffy, &c."

Sometimes we seem to have got on dangerously explosive topics. "This afternoon was it I argued with Duffy about Smith O'Brien; I infinitely vilipending, he hotly eulogising the said Smith," or "Sadly weary; Duffy reads Irish ballads to me, unmusical enough," where his temporary mood probably influences his judgment. But the talk was chiefly of eminent men whom he had known. When I named a man in whom I was interested, he spoke of him forthwith. When I named another he took up the second, and so throughout the day. I knew that one of his most notable gifts was the power of making by a few touches a likeness of a man's moral or physical aspect, not easily forgotten. His portraits were not always free from a strain of exaggeration, but they were never malicious, never intentionally caricatured; they represented his actual estimate of the person in question. It has been said of him that he had a habit which seemed instinctive of looking down upon his contemporaries, but it must not be forgotten that it was from a real, not an imaginary eminence. He insisted on a high and perhaps impossible standard of duty in the men whom he discussed; but it was a standard he lived up to himself, and it only became chimerical when it was applied indiscriminately to all who were visible above the crowd. His own life was habi-

tually spent in work, and belonged to a moral world almost as far apart from the world in which the daily business of life is transacted as the phantom land of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is sometimes forgotten how completely posterity has pardoned in Carlyle's peers characteristics which are treated as unpardonable crimes in him. His sense of personal superiority was not so constant or so vigilant as Wordsworth's, though the poet was perhaps more cautious in the exhibition of it; Burke was far more liable to explosions of passion, and Johnson harsher and more peremptory every day of his life, than Carlyle at rare intervals in some fit of dyspepsia.

Of his manner, I ought, perhaps, to say a word. In a *tête-à-tête* he did not declaim but conversed. His talk was a clear rippling stream that flowed on without interruption, except when he acted the scene he was describing, or mimicked the person he was citing. With the play of hands and head he was not a bad mimic, but his countenance and voice, which expressed wrath or authority with singular power, were clumsy instruments for badinage. His attempts, however, were more enjoyable than skilful acting; he entered so frankly into the farce himself, laughing cordially, and manifestly not unmindful of the contrast his levity presented to his habitual mood. Though he commonly spoke the ordinary tongue of educated Englishmen, if he was moved, especially if he was moved by indignation or contempt, he was apt to fall into

what Mrs. Carlyle calls "very decided Annandale."

I made notes of his talk daily, and finally offered them to him to read. He playfully excused himself, but tacitly sanctioned the practice, which I continued down to his death. It is more than forty years since the earliest notes were written. I have omitted many which time has rendered obsolete, but otherwise they remain as they were set down on the day of the conversation. I more than once meditated destroying them as they had answered their original purpose, which was simply my personal instruction; but when I considered what would be the worth of Bacon or Burke's impression of his most notable contemporaries, I shrank from destroying Carlyle's judgments on men, concerning many of whom the world maintains a permanent interest. What most of us enjoy with the keenest relish in the memoirs and correspondence of men of letters is their judgment of each other. We can rarely accept it without reserve, but what Montaigne thought of Rabelais, what Ben Jonson thought of Shakespeare, Rousseau's private opinion of Voltaire, Samuel Johnson's estimate of Fielding and Richardson will always be memorable. Even Byron's rash judgment on Wordsworth and Keats, Southey's contempt for Shelley, or, to come lower down, Brougham's estimate of Macaulay, or Macaulay's estimate of Brougham are only *obiter dicta* in criticism, but are tit-bits in literary gossip. We do not regard Fielding as a blockhead and a barren

rascal because Johnson pronounced him to be so, or Wordsworth as a poetical charlatan and a political parasite on the authority of Byron; and when Brougham declares that Macaulay could not reason, and had no conception of what an argument was, or when Macaulay affirms that Carlyle might as well take at once to Irving's unknown tongue as write such an essay as "Characteristics," there is no harm done except to the critic himself; but we would not willingly lose even the splenetic judgments of men of genius, much less judgments which are often profoundly wise and always substantially fair like those uttered by Carlyle.

WORDSWORTH.

On our first day's journey, the casual mention of Edmund Burke induced me to ask Carlyle who was the best talker he had met among notable people in London.

He said that when he met Wordsworth first he had been assured that he talked better than any man in England. It was his habit to speak whatever was in his mind at the time, with total indifference to the impression it produced on his hearers; on that occasion he kept discoursing on how far you could get carried out of London on this side and on that for sixpence. One was disappointed, perhaps; but, after all, this was the only healthy way of talking, to say what is actually in your mind, and let sane creatures who listen make what they can of

it. Whether they understood or not, Wordsworth maintained a stern composure, and went his way, content that the world should go quite another road. When he knew him better, he found that no man gave you so faithful and vivid a picture of any person or thing which he had seen with his own eyes.

I inquired if I might assume that Wordsworth came up to this description of him as the best talker in England.

Well, he replied, it was true you would get more meaning out of what Wordsworth had to say to you than from anybody else. Leigh Hunt would emit more pretty, pleasant, ingenious flashes in an hour than Wordsworth in a day. But in the end you would find, if well considered, that you had been drinking perfumed water in one case, and in the other you got the sense of a deep, earnest man, who had thought silently and painfully on many things. There was one exception to your satisfaction with the man. When he spoke of poetry he harangued about metres, cadences, rhythms and so forth, and one could not be at the pains of listening to him. But on all other subjects he had more sense in him of a sound and instructive sort than any other literary man in England.

I suggested that Wordsworth might naturally like to speak of the instrumental part of his art, and consider what he had to say very instructive, as by modifying the instrument, he had wrought a revolution in English poetry. He taught it to speak in

unsophisticated language and of the humbler and more familiar interests of life.

Carlyle said, No, not so; all he had got to say in that way was like a few driblets from the great ocean of German speculation on kindred subjects by Goethe and others. Coleridge, who had been in Germany, brought it over with him, and they translated Teutonic thought into a poor, disjointed, whitey-brown sort of English, and that was nearly all. But though Wordsworth was the man of most practical mind of any of the persons connected with literature whom he had encountered, his pastoral pipings were far from being of the importance his admirers imagined. He was essentially a cold, hard, silent, practical man, who, if he had not fallen into poetry, would have done effectual work of some sort in the world. This was the impression one got of him as he looked out of his stern blue eyes, superior to men and circumstances.

I said I had expected to hear of a man of softer mood, more sympathetic and less taciturn.

Carlyle said, No, not at all; he was a man quite other than that; a man of an immense head and great jaws like a crocodile's, cast in a mould designed for prodigious work.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

After a pause he resumed. As far as talk might be regarded as simply a recreation, not an inquiry after truth and sense, Jeffrey said more brilliant

and interesting things than any man he had met in the world. He was a bright-eyed, lively, ingenuous little fellow, with something fascinating and radiant in him when he got into his drawing-room tribune. He was not a great teacher, far enough from that, nor a man of solid sense like Wordsworth, but his talk was lively and graphic, though, when one came to consider it, it was not in any remarkable degree instructive or profitable. It was pleasant and titillating, at any rate, like the odorous perfume of a pastille *aux milles fleurs.*

I remarked that, having started in life with the traditional estimate of Jeffrey as the king of critics and so forth, I found his articles in the *Edinburgh Review,* when I hunted them out with infinite pains, thin and disappointing.

Yes, Carlyle replied, his speculations and cogitations in literature were meagre enough. His critical faculty was small, and he had no true insight into the nature of things; but the *Edinburgh Review* had been of use in its time, too; when a truth found it hard to get a hearing elsewhere, it was often heard there. At present the great Review was considerably eclipsed, and the influence with which it started into life was quite gone.

BROWNING AND COLERIDGE.

I begged him to tell me something of the author of a serial I had come across lately, called "Bells and Pomegranates," printed in painfully small type,

on inferior paper, but in which I took great delight. There were ballads to make the heart beat fast, and one little tragedy, "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," which, though not over disposed to what he called sentimentality, I could not read without tears. The heroine's excuse for the sin which left a blot in a 'scutcheon stainless for a thousand years, was, in the circumstances of the case, as touching a line as I could recall in English poetry :—

"I had no mother, and we were so young."

He said Robert Browning had a powerful intellect, and among the men engaged in literature in England just now was one of the few from whom it was possible to expect something. He was somewhat uncertain about his career, and he himself (Carlyle) had perhaps contributed to the trouble by assuring him that poetry was no longer a field where any true or worthy success could be won or deserved. If a man had anything to say entitled to the attention of rational creatures, all mortals would come to recognise after a little that there was a more effectual way of saying it than in metrical numbers. Poetry used to be regarded as the natural, and even the essential, language of feeling, but it was not at all so; there was not a sentiment in the gamut of human passion which could not be adequately expressed in prose. Browning's earliest works had been loudly applauded by undiscerning people, but he was now heartily ashamed of them, and hoped in the end to

do something altogether different from "Sordello" and "Paracelsus." He had strong ambition and great confidence in himself, and was considering his future course just now. When he first met young Browning, he was a youth living with his parents, people of respectable position among the Dissenters, but not wealthy neither, and the little room in which he kept his books was in that sort of trim that showed he was the very apple of their eyes. He was about six and thirty at present, and a little time before had married Miss Barrett, the writer of various poems. She had long been confined to a sofa by spinal disease, and seemed destined to end there very speedily, but the ending was to be quite otherwise, as it proved. Browning made his way to her in a strange manner, and they fell mutually in love. She rose up from her sick bed with recovered strength and agility, and was now, it was understood, tolerably well. They married and were living together in Italy, like the hero and heroine of a mediæval romance.

I asked him did he remember a little poem of Coleridge's called, "The Suicide's Argument;" it had the most astonishing resemblance to one of Browning's various styles, and in a smaller man would suggest palpable imitation.

This was the poem:—

"THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no,
No question was asked me—it could not be so!

If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be Yes; what can No be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned, as 'twere sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think, first, what you are! Call to mind what you were!
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!"

He replied that Browning was an original man, and by no means a person who would consciously imitate any one. There was nothing very admirable in the performance likely to tempt a man into imitation. It would be seen by-and-by that Browning was the stronger man of the two, and had no need to go marauding in that quarter.

I said I thought the stronger man would find it hard to match "Christabel," or "The Ancient Mariner," or to influence men's lives as they had been influenced by "The Friend," or "The Lay Sermon" in their day.

Not so, Carlyle said; whatever Coleridge had written was vague and purposeless, and, when one came to consider it, intrinsically cowardly, and for the most part was quite forgotten in these times. He had reconciled himself to believe in the Church of England long after it had become a dream to him. For his part he had gone to hear Coleridge when he first came to London with a certain sort of interest, and he talked an entire evening, or lectured, for it

was not talk, on whatever came uppermost in his mind. There were a number of ingenious flashes and pleasant illustrations in his discourse, but it led nowhere, and was essentially barren. When all was said, Coleridge was a poor, greedy, sensual creature, who could not keep from his laudanum bottle though he knew it would destroy him.

One of the products of his system, he added, after a pause, was Hartley Coleridge, whom he (Carlyle) had one day seen down in the country, and found the strangest ghost of a human creature, with eyes that gleamed like two rainbows over a ruined world. The poor fellow had fallen into worse habits than his father's, and was maintained by a few benevolent friends in a way that was altogether melancholy and humiliating. Some bookseller had got a book called "Biographia Borealis" out of him by locking him up, and only letting him out when his day's work was done. He died prematurely, as was to be expected of one who had forgotten his relation to everlasting laws, which cannot by any contrivance be ignored without worse befalling. His brother, he believed, had long ceased to do anything for him. The brother was a Protestant priest; a smooth, sleek, sonorous fellow, who contrived to get on better in the world than his father or brother, for reasons which need not be inquired into. He had the management of some model High Church schools at Chelsea, and quacked away there, pouring out huge floods of the sort of rhetoric that class of persons deal in, which he tried to persuade himself

he believed. These were about the entire outcome of the Coleridgian theory of human duties and responsibilities.

I inquired if he had ever seen a sonnet by Coleridge not included in his poems, but published in "The Friend," entitled "The Good Great Man." In my judgment it might be confidently placed beside the best sonnets of Milton and Wordsworth; if Robert Browning had written it of Thomas Carlyle, it would do honour to both. He had not read it, and I recited it from memory.

"How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain;
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain,
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends,
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."[1]

Yes, he said there were bits of Coleridge fanciful and musical enough, but the theory and practice of

[1] Speaking of this little poem several years afterwards with Robert Browning, he pointed out a fact which had escaped me, that though in structure and character it is a sonnet, it might be technically denied that title, as it has a line more than the legitimate number.

his life as he lived it, and his doctrines as he practised them, was a result not pleasant to contemplate.

Reverting to Browning, I told him that I found it difficult to induce my friends to accept him at my estimate. One of them, to whom I lent "Sordello," sent it back with an inquiry, whether by any chance it might be the sacred book of the Irvingite Church, written in their unknown tongue. Or if it had a meaning, as I had assured him, was there any good reason why the problems of poetry should be made more obstruse and perplexing than the problems of mathematics?

At a later period (1854), speaking again of the Brownings, I asked him if he had read "Aurora Leigh." I found graphic character painting and charming bits of social philosophy in it, and a style as easy and flowing as the best talk of cultivated people. What it wanted, I thought, was what her husband was strongest in, dramatic power. The feeble old Puseyite and the peasant girl, the woman of fashion and the woman of genius, spoke the same epigrammatic or axiomatic language. If it were reduced to half the length, it would probably have twice the chance of living.

Carlyle said he had read little bits of "Aurora Leigh," in reviews chiefly, and did not discern anything in it which suggested the probability of its living beyond its little day. It furnished rather a beggarly account of this nineteenth century, with which one might guess future centuries would not

concern themselves much. She went extensively into Fourierism and phalansteries, things likely to be altogether forgotten, and which would make the reading of the book a task as difficult to the next century as Spenser's historical allegories or Dryden's theological ones were just now. But she did not want a certain bright vivacity and keen womanly eye for the strange things transacted in the theatre of the world neither. If her book was too big, that was not an uncommon fault of books just now. After a pause, he went on to say that he often reflected what an old Roman or a vigorous Norseman would make of modern sentimental poetry, or of such a windy phenomenon as Shelley or any of his imitators.

CARLETON.

I recalled an incident at one of our recent breakfasts in Dublin, the by-play of which had escaped him. He was speaking of Shelley, and declared he was a poor shrieking creature who had said or sung nothing worth a serious man being at the trouble of remembering. D. F. MacCarthy, a young poet, who was an enthusiastic Shelleyite, was in great wrath, but controlled himself out of respect for the laws of hospitality.[1] William Carleton,[2] who was present, took up Carlyle's dictum, and declared that this was what he had long been

[1] D. F. MacCarthy, the translator of Calderon and author of "The Early Days of Shelley," &c.

[2] Author of "The Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

saying to these young men, but they would not listen to him. MacCarthy, who had great humour and readiness, and who was persuaded that Carleton had never taken the trouble to read either Shelley or Carlyle, looked at him reproachfully a moment, and muttered, "Surely, Carleton, you would not disparage Shelley's masterpiece, 'Sartor Resartus'?" The ripple of laughter with which the company received this sally put Carleton on his guard; he looked round the table, and with his keen natural wit, divined the state of the case, and escaped the ambuscade. "Ah, my young friend," he said, "it would be well for Shelley if he could write a book like 'Sartor Resartus.'"

SAVAGE LANDOR.

I spoke of Savage Landor. Landor, he said, was a man of real capacity for literary work of some sort, but he had fallen into an extravagant method of stating his opinions, which made any serious acceptance of them altogether impossible. If he encountered anywhere an honest man doing his duty with decent constancy, he straightway announced that here was a phenomenal mortal, a new and authentic emanation of the Deity. This was a sort of talk to which silence was to be preferred. Landor had not come to discern the actual relation of things in the world; very far from it. But there was something honourable and elevated, too, in his view of the subject when one came to consider it.

He was sincere as well as ardent and impetuous, and he was altogether persuaded for the time that the wild fancies he paraded before the world were actual verities. But the personal impression he left on those who casually encountered him was that of a wild creature with fierce eyes and boisterous attitudes, uttering prodigious exaggerations on every topic that turned up, followed by a guffaw of laughter that was not exhilarating; rather otherwise, indeed.

I said he dropped his paragons as abruptly as he took them up. The first edition of the "Imaginary Conversations" was dedicated to Bolivar and Sir Robert Wilson; to Bolivar because he accomplished a more memorable work than any man had ever brought to a termination in this universe, and to Wilson for prodigious military achievements and heroic personal virtues. John Forster told me that Landor erased these dedications because he had altered his mind about both men, and regarded Bolivar, in particular, as an impostor, crowned with laurels for winning battles at which he was not even present.

Yes, Carlyle replied, this was his method of procedure. He was not inflexible in his opinions, but he was inflexible in his determination to be right, which, when one came to consider it, was the more manful and honourable method.

I suggested that it was a serious deduction from the "Imaginary Conversations" that they had the dramatic form without the dramatic spirit. He

made Romans, Saxons, and Sandwich Islanders talk the same balanced periods, and approached the heart of a subject by the same slow Socratic method. And he sometimes destroyed the illusion of his work by putting sly sarcasms on Pitt or Byron, Napoleon or the Pope, into the mouths of Greeks and Romans, or of Englishmen of quite a different generation.

Yes, he said, even in the windy rollicking Noctes of *Blackwood* you met human beings whose sayings belonged to the speaker, and were not to be confounded one with another; but the "Conversations" were all more or less Landor. There were fine touches of character, it must be confessed, in his statesmen and poets which Wilson or Lockhart could not match; astonishing liveliness and vigour, too, and a far wider horizon of human interest.

I inquired whether literature was not merely his pastime, taken up by fits and starts.

He replied that Landor had been drawn into literature by ambition; he found it did not altogether succeed with him; his merits were far from being acknowledged by all mankind, which soured him in dealing with his fellow-creatures.

After a pause he went on. Landor, when he was young, went to Italy, believing that England was too base a place for a man of honour to dwell in; but he soon came to discover that Italy was intrinsically a baser place. For the last ten years he lived near Bath, coming rarely to London, which he

professed to hate and despise. He had left his wife in Italy, giving her all his income except a couple of hundred pounds to get him a daily beefsteak in England. She was not a wise or docile woman, and he could not live with her any longer. He was about to remove his children that they might be properly educated, a task for which he esteemed her in no way fit; but the eldest son snatched up a gun, and declared that he had come to a time of life to form an opinion on this question, and by G— he would shoot any one who attempted to separate his mother and her children—so Landor had to leave them where they were.

I inquired if his wife were the Ianthe to whom so many of his poems were addressed. Carlyle said he thought not; Ianthe was probably a young girl at Bath, whom Landor counted the model of all perfection, and whom he got a good deal rallied about in London, other people forming quite a different estimate of her gifts.

Odds and Ends.

He fell into a pleasant gossip on trifling things, and suggested that "going the whole hog" was probably a phrase of Irish origin. Hog he found was a synonym in Ireland for a tenpenny piece when that coin was in common use in the country. It might be assumed, without much improbability, that an Irishman who began to give his friend a

treat in a frugal spirit gradually warmed to the business, and at length, in an explosion of hospitality, proclaimed his intention of magnanimously spending the entire coin. In this sense, going the whole hog had a plain significance; but in the other it was hopeless nonsense. I told him that I thought I had recently chanced on the explanation of another perplexing phrase, Hamlet's test of his own sanity —that he knew a hawk from a handsaw. A plasterer who was working for me called to the boy in attendance to bring him his hawk, which it appears is the name of the sort of pallet on which a plasterer carries mortar. Knowing a hawk from a handsaw in this sense was a natural enough test of intelligence, like knowing a hatchet from a crowbar.

Was there any evidence, he inquired, that the word was in use in the reign of Elizabeth? This was an indispensable basis for my hypothesis. The hawk and the heronshaw of falconry seemed a more natural comparison in the mouth of a young prince than one taken from the tools of an artisan.

Speaking of the significant sayings of notable men, I happened to quote Lord Plunket's phrase, that to the unthinking history was only an old almanac. He said the phrase, if anybody cared to know, was not Lord Plunket's at all, but Jimmy Boswell's, who said to Johnston that somebody or other would reduce all history to the condition of an old almanac, a mere chronological series of

events. I answered, laughing, that the currency of Jimmy Boswell's book in Ireland sixty years ago was an indispensable basis for any theory that called in question Plunket's originality.

Speaking of the difficulties foreigners find in mastering colloquial English, he mentioned a blunder of Mazzini's, who called Scotch paupers "Scotch poors." I told him a kindred story which a friend of mine, who visited Dr. Döllinger, brought home with him. "There is a prodigious multitude of infidels in Germany, I fear," said my friend. "Yes," replied the professor, "infidels are numerous, but there are a good many 'fidels' also."

He had been smoking all day, and I suggested that one who suffered so much from sleeplessness and indigestion ought not to smoke, or at any rate to smoke so constantly. He replied that he probably did himself some slight injury, but not much. He had given up smoking for an entire year at the instance of a doctor, who assured him at a period when he suffered much that his only ailment was too much tobacco. At the end of the year he was walking one evening in the country, so weak that he was hardly able to crawl from tree to tree, when he suddenly determined that whatever was amiss with him that fellow at least did not understand it, and he returned to tobacco, and smoked since without let or hindrance. In latter days he had got in London a bunch of Repeal pipes, as they were called, which were by far the best he had ever met with; but he could not get a further supply in

Dublin, though he had made careful inquiries. I laughingly assured him that these excellent Repeal pipes were strictly reserved for true believers in Irish Nationality, and promised him a supply if he qualified in the ordinary manner.

Part Second.

One of the objects of Carlyle's tour was to visit some of the distressed unions, and Kilkenny was the first we reached. The Board of Guardians, who had perhaps not carried out the policy of the Government with sufficient deference, was suspended, and a Vice-Guardian appointed in its place. We met this officer at the table of the Mayor, whose guests we were, and I abridge from the "Reminiscences" Carlyle's report of his experiences of various sorts in Kilkenny. An accident rendered him unfit for immediate work, but he was fortunate enough to get a long sleep, and speedily rallied to his task.

"Kilkenny; long feeble street of suburb; sinks *hollow* near the Castle; bridge and river there; then rapidly up is inn. Car to Dr. Cane's O'Shaugnessy and the other two Poor-law Inspectors at dinner there; still waiting (8½ or 9 P.M.), Duffy, Cane, and Mrs. C.; warm welcome: queer old house; my foot a little sprained; Dr. C. bandaged it. Talking difficult; no good out of the O'Shaugnessys, no good out of anything till I got away to bed. (*Next day.*) O'Shaugnessy takes us out in Cane's carriage to look over his poor houses; subsidiary poor-house

(old brew-house, I think), workhouse being filled to bursting; with some 8000 (?) paupers in *all.* Many women here; carding cotton, knitting, spinning, &c., &c. place, and they, very clean;—'but one *can*,' bad enough! In other Irish workhouses, saw the like; but nowhere ever *so* well. Big Church or Cathedral, of blue stones, limestony in appearance, a-building near this spot. Buttermilk pails (in this subsidiary poor-house, as in *all* over Ireland)—tasted from one; not bad on hot day. Eheu!—*omitted* other subsidiary poor-houses (I think); walked towards original workhouse with its 3000. Workhouse 'ordered as one could.' O'S. proved to be the best of all the workers I saw in Ireland in this office; but his establishment quite shocked me. Huge arrangements for baking, stacks of Indian meal stirabout; 1000 or 2000 great hulks of men lying piled up within brick walls, in such a country, on such a day! Did a *greater* violence to the law of nature ever before present itself to sight, if one *had* an eye to *see* it? Schools, for girls, rather goodish; for boys, clearly bad; forward, impudent *routine,* scholar—one boy, with strong Irish physiognomy, getting bred to be an impudent superficial pretender. So; or else sit altogether stagnant, and so far as you can, *rot.* Hospital: haggard ghastliness of some looks,—literally, their eyes grown 'colourless' (as Mahomet describes the horror of the Day of Judgment); 'take me home!' one half-mad was urging; a deaf man; ghastly *flattery* of us by another, (*his* were the eyes): ah,

me! Boys drilling, men still piled within their walls: no hope but of stirabout; swine's meat, swine's *destiny* (I gradually saw): right glad to get away. Cane himself, lately in prison for 'repale,' now free and Mayor again, is really a person of superior worth. Tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and smallish globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching. Irish (moral) Grandison —touch of that in him; sympathy with all that is good and manly however, and continual effort towards that. Likes me, is hospitably kind to me, and I am grateful to him. Upstairs about 8 o'clock (to smoke, I think), lie down on rough ottoman at bed's end, for 5 minutes—fall dead asleep, and Duffy wakes me at one o'clock! We are to go to-morrow morning towards Waterford—I slept again, till towards six. (*Next morning.*) Off with Duffy, in Dr.'s chariot, to Railway Station about 10½ A.M."

Our talk was at first of the scenes in the workhouse. The house was full of men fit for active industry, and women, many of whom were vigorous and healthy, squatting on the floor like negroes in a slave-ship. One Chamber of Horrors still remains in my memory: a narrow room where about thirty women sat round the walls, each carrying in her arms a pallid baby sickening in the poisoned air which they breathed over and over again. Carlyle, was vehement in his indignation. He looked at many things in Ireland, he said, with

silent pity, but the workhouse, where no one worked, was so unutterably despicable that he could not retain his composure. Consider the absurdity of shutting up thousands of forlorn creatures to be fed at the cost of beggars like themselves. Why not regiment these unfortunate wretches, put colonels and captains, sergeants and corporals, over them, and thrash them, if it proved needful, into habits of industry on some lands at home or in the colonies? Try them for a couple of years, he would say, and if they could not feed and clothe themselves, they ought to be put out of the world.

I suggested that he was indignant in the wrong quarter. These poor people did not object to work—would, I had no doubt, be rejoiced at the opportunity of working to escape from their pandemonium; but the wisdom of the Empire assembled at Westminster decided that this being a workhouse they must on no account be permitted to do a stroke of work. They were not sluggards at all, but the serfs of a Parliament which kept them sweltering in compulsory indolence and apathy.

After a time the talk returned to men of letters.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

I asked him to tell me about Dickens, respecting whom I commonly found myself in a minority. His humour was irresistible, but was there a

character in his books, except Mrs. Nickleby, whom one met in actual life? I read Thackeray over and over again, but I had rarely been tempted to return to a book of Dickens.

Dickens, he said, was a good little fellow, and one of the most cheery, innocent natures he had ever encountered. But he lived among a set of admirers who did him no good—Maclise the painter, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, and the like; and he spent his entire income in their society. He was seldom seen in fashionable drawing-rooms, however, and maintained, one could see, something of his old reporter independence. His theory of life was entirely wrong. He thought men ought to be buttered up, and the world made soft and accommodating for them, and all sorts of fellows have turkey for their Christmas dinner. Commanding and controlling and punishing them he would give up without any misgivings in order to coax and soothe and delude them into doing right. But it was not in this manner the eternal laws operated, but quite otherwise. Dickens had not written anything which would be found of much use in solving the problems of life. But he was worth something; he was worth a penny to read of an evening before going to bed, which was about what a read of him cost you. His last book went on as pleasantly as the rest, and he might produce innumerable such like books in time.

I suggested that the difference between his men

and women and Thackeray's seemed to me like the difference between Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe.

Yes, he said, Thackeray had more reality in him and would cut up into a dozen Dickenses. They were altogether different at bottom. Dickens was doing the best in him, and went on smiling in perennial good humour; but Thackeray despised himself for his work, and on that account could not always do it even moderately well. He was essentially a man of grim, silent, stern nature, but lately he had circulated among fashionable people, dining out every day, and he covered this native disposition with a varnish of smooth, smiling complacency, not at all pleasant to contemplate. The course he had got into since he had taken to cultivate dinner-eating in fashionable houses was not salutary discipline for work of any sort, one might surmise.

I inquired if he saw much of Thackeray. No, he said, not latterly. Thackeray was much enraged with him because, after he made a book of travels for the P. & O. Company, who had invited him to go on a voyage to Africa in one of their steamers, he (Carlyle) had compared the transaction to the practice of a blind fiddler going to and fro on a penny ferry-boat in Scotland, and playing tunes to the passengers for halfpence. Charles Buller told Thackeray; and when he complained, it was necessary to inform him frankly that it was undoubtedly his opinion that, out of respect for himself and his

profession, a man like Thackeray ought not to have gone fiddling for halfpence or otherwise, in any steamboat under the sky.

(DIARY, 1880.) Speaking of both after they were dead, Carlyle said of Dickens that his chief faculty was that of a comic actor. He would have made a successful one if he had taken to that sort of life. His public readings, which were a pitiful pursuit after all, were in fact acting, and very good acting too. He had a remarkable faculty for business; he managed his periodical skilfully, and made good bargains with his booksellers. Set him to do any work, and if he undertook it, it was altogether certain that it would be done effectually. Thackeray had far more literary ability, but one could not fail to perceive that he had no convictions, after all, except that a man ought to be a gentleman, and ought not to be a snob. This was about the sum of the belief that was in him. The chief skill he possessed was making wonderful likenesses with pen and ink, struck off without premeditation, and which it was found he could not afterwards improve. Jane had some of these in letters from him, where the illustrations were produced, apparently as spontaneously as the letter.

I said I was struck with a criticism which I heard Richard Doyle make on Thackeray, that he had a certain contempt for even the best of his own creations, and looked down not only on Dobbin, but even on Colonel Newcome. He was

a good-natured man, however. It was notable that he had written over and over again with enthusiasm about Dickens, but I could not recall any reference to Thackeray in Dickens' writings during his lifetime, and only a lukewarm "In Memoriam" after his death.

I asked him, was it as a practical joke, or to win a bet, that Thackeray named the heroine of "Pendennis" after a famous courtesan then in London? He said he did not know anything of this, but it could scarcely be an accident with a man about town like Thackeray. I told him of an incident which would have wounded Thackeray cruelly had he known it. He wrote a bantering note to an Edinburgh Reviewer—Macvey Napier, if I remembered rightly, or perhaps Senior—furnishing a complete list of his works, asking a review in that periodical, and praying that his correspondent "might deal mercifully with his servant." He wanted a review to which he was eminently entitled, and he was not ashamed to ask for it in a frank and direct manner; but the letter was exhibited in a collection of autographs, in the waiting-room of Dr. Gully, the water doctor at Malvern, where blockheads would read it and misunderstand the entire transaction.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

I had read Sir James Stephen's essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, and was much struck with

some of them, especially the paper on Hildebrand, and I inquired about him. He said he was a man of good brains and excellent discipline, but of manner so strange that it was a long time, in fact several years, before he came to understand what sort of capacity the man had in him. He was constantly shaking and settling his head in a manner that was exceedingly foolish (*mimicking*), as if he was not satisfied with its position, and thought it might be arranged more conveniently. He was placed early in the Colonial Office, and had got trained in official life till he obtained a complete command of its formulas and agencies; and it was found, whoever was Colonial Minister, Stephen was the real governor of the colonies. He bowed to every suggestion of the Minister, and was as smooth as silk, but somehow the thing he did not like was found never to be done at all. Charles Buller in his lively political youth named him Mr. Mothercountry—that is, the person who formulated the will of England for colonists, which was for the most part the will of James Stephen. His biographies of saints was a dilettante kind of task, which he took up on account of the quantity of eloquent writing that could be got out of it, not from any sympathetic or genuine love of the subject. He had no notion of living a life in any way resembling the lives of these men. He could talk about them, and inspect their doings with curious eyes, but doing like them was no part of his purpose; quite otherwise, indeed.

Stephen had recommended these subjects to him (Carlyle) before he took them up himself, but he could not discern a vestige of human interest in them.

Latterly, Stephen retired from official life, and got knighted. He retired on account of the death of his son. The young fellow was travelling in Germany without understanding German at all, and he got so puzzled and irritated, that he fell sick at Dresden, and finally died. His father and mother had been terribly shattered by this unexpected catastrophe; and so Stephen gave up the Colonial Office, and retired to his family to try to knit up silently the ravelled sleeve of life. He lived at Windsor, and seldom came to London now. Stephen was a clever man in his strange official way. He was one of the Clapham people; and though he professed to apply their creed to human affairs generally, he had small belief in its potency by this time, one could see.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

From Stephen the talk passed to Taylor. I spoke of "Philip van Artevelde" as a striking picture of a popular leader, with weaknesses and shortcomings enough not to be idealised out of human sympathy, and expressed a desire to hear something of the author. Henry Taylor, he said, was an official under Stephen in the Colonial Office, but not at all a man of the same intellectual

girth and stature. But a notable person too—a sagacious, vigilant, exact sort of man. Philip van Artevelde was his idea of himself; but he was altogether a different person from that. He was cold and silent for the most part, and rather wearisome from the formal way he stated his opinions. He had been a sailor, and had he stuck by the ship he would have made a serviceable officer; for he had inflexible valour, and that silent persistency which was the main thing which made England what it was. He was engaged just now on a comedy—a decidedly hopeless project, the result of which would be considerably worse than nothing, for there was not the smallest particle of humour in the man. He might be said to be a steadfast student, though he read in all only half-a-dozen books; but he read them a page a day. Bacon was one of them, and his great light on all subjects, speculative or practical.

I said, if I might judge by my own feelings, Mr. Taylor was a living evidence that there was much to be said in poetry for which prose had no adequate substitute, or that, at any rate, there were men to whom poetry was a more natural vehicle of thought. I found his chief drama a constant enjoyment, but his prose, even on subjects which interested me considerably, had not the smallest attraction. There was ability and abundant experience in "The Statesman," for example, but I thought the style heavy, the ideal

of a Minister of State low, and the *motif* poor, and even immoral.

Carlyle replied that charges of that kind had been made against the book, but unjustly, as he judged. Taylor expressed the highest ideal he had conceived of the thing he had been working among in the unprofitable racket of the Colonial Office. It was the result of his actual experience one might see—a plea for a juster allowance for the many impediments which had to be encountered in working public affairs. He had a great reverence for whatever was standing erect, and thought we were bound to accept it cheerfully because it was able to stand, overlooking the fact that there was a question behind all that—an altogether fundamental question—on which our reverence strictly depended. He had a high opinion of his own class, and a silent anger, one could perceive, at his (Carlyle's) unaccountable contempt for officialities. I would probably be interested to know that he had married a charming little countrywoman of mine, a daughter of Spring Rice, and lived out of town. He had got his office into such a perfect system that he could work it by attending a couple of hours a day.

I replied laughingly, that the whole Civil Service, I made no doubt, would be willing to work their offices in the same way if they were allowed.

THE LONDON PRESS IN 1849.

The talk fell upon newspapers. I spoke of John Forster as a man it was impossible not to like, and whose literary papers were often pleasant reading, but I could make nothing of his political articles in the *Examiner*, which seemed to me to have no settled policy or purpose.

He replied that Forster for the most part advocated the theory of human affairs prevalent in fashionable Whig circles, if any one wanted to hear that sort of thing. He was a sincere, energetic, vehement fellow, who undertook any amount of labour to do service to one whom he knew, or, indeed, whom he did not know. Jane got the long bulky MS. of a novel from Miss ——, a scraggy little woman, with nothing beautiful or attractive about her to captivate or inflame him, but with an agreeable quality of talk, too; and he read it through, cut objectionable things out of it, and prepared it, with much pains, as one could see, for the press, and it got read and talked about in London drawing-rooms. He was a man who liked to live among people who meant honestly, and, on the whole, chose his company with tolerable success. If he got hold of any opinion that he came to believe, he made all manner of vehement noise and clatter over it, and forwarded it by every means he could devise; but, if it fell into disrepute, and other people deserted it,

he would just leave it there, and seek out some other fancy to fondle in place of it. Forster was not a man who had any serious truth to proclaim, or any purpose in life which he laid to heart, but he was infinitely friendly, and entirely sincere in his attachments. A good upright man, one might confidently say.

I said I had asked Forster lately who it was that was writing feeble imitations of Fonblanque in the *Examiner*, since he had accepted office in the Board of Trade, and that I was surprised to learn that the writer was Fonblanque himself. The philosophical Radicals proclaimed Fonblanque to be the greatest journalist in England; but, though he had skill and purpose, he seemed to me to altogether want passion and seriousness. His articles were pleasant reading enough, but Jeremy Bentham and Jonathan Wild did not always amalgamate naturally, and public interests could not be successfully treated in the spirit of an opera bouffe.

Carlyle replied that Fonblanque was a better man than I supposed—a serious-looking fellow, with fire in his eyes, who seemed to consider that his task in the world was to expose fallacies of all sorts, which, in fact, he did with considerable adroitness and skill. I rejoined that his paper had been the organ of the educated Radicals who flourished in England in the Reform era, but that it had shifted round latterly to become a Government organ. Carlyle replied that Fonblanque had changed under the influence of circumstances, but not at all with conscious dishonesty. Lord

Durham, when he came home, asked him to dinner, and he began to circulate up and down in society yonder in London, and so came to look at the doings of the Government from quite another point of view. As for philosophical Radicalism, he had said all that was in him to say on that subject, which, if well considered, was intrinsically barren.

After a pause, he added that, among newspaper men, Rintoul, a Scotch printer, who owned the *Spectator*, was a man of deeper insight than any of them—a man altogether free from romantic or visionary babblement or the ordinary echoes of parliamentary palaver. He was the first man in England who openly declared his complete disbelief in Reform and the Whigs, and now it was everywhere seen that his opinions were sound. He wrote the literary papers in his journal; there was nothing very deep in them, but neither were they ever mere wind; they meant something always. He speculated on the functions and uses of literature in a very natural manner. But he believed in nothing, and had but a poor barren theory of life, one might perceive. He was essentially a diligent and upright man, and he turned out a newspaper which, on the whole, was the best article of that kind to be found anywhere in England just now.

TALFOURD.

In connection with journalism I mentioned Talfourd, and said I had read his dramas with profound disappointment, and could never get over the conviction that his reputation was the result of unduly favourable criticism by his literary associates of two generations.

Carlyle said not so in any sinister sense. He had lived among literary people from the time of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, had probably done them many kindnesses, and kept coquetting with letters from that time to this, and so they took an interest in him and praised his plays—over-praised them probably; but Talfourd had not stimulated or invited this sort of notice. It was quite true, however, that his reputation was entirely undeserved. There was no potency in him; nothing beyond the common, unless it was a sort of pathetic loyalty to his earliest associates. He had learned something of Charles Lamb's fantastic method of looking at things. Lamb had no practical sense in him, and in conversation was accustomed to turn into quips and jests whatever turned up—an ill example to younger men, who had to live their lives in a world which was altogether serious, and where it behoved them to consider their position in a spirit quite other than jocose; for a wrong path led to the nether darkness.

CAPTAIN STERLING.

I asked him about Captain Sterling, the Thunderer. He described his early career, which is now sufficiently known, and passed on to his method of fabricating his thunderbolts. The Captain, he said, used to drive about London, and mix in society, and visit clubs all the forenoon. He heard what all manner of men said on the topics of the day, and at night sat down in his study and reproduced the express essence of what people were thinking, as no one else in England could do. The old pagan was far and away the greatest popular journalist of our day. He saw deeper into things than Cobbett, and had an equally clear, vigorous, incisive expression.

It was Sterling who carried the *Times* round to the Tories. He saw that there was no good likely to come out of the Whigs, and that on the whole Peel was better, entitled to support. It was rumoured up and down, in the trivial talk of London, that the *Times* was paid for this change, but this was altogether a mistake. Sterling had acted on his knowledge and convictions, and they soon came to be the convictions of his employers. In the end the poor fellow lost his intellect by a paralytic stroke. Afterwards he would talk sensibly enough, but his talk wanted sequence and connection. At worst he never uttered mere nonsense. Since his death people missed his writings

considerably, which was by no means wonderful when one considered the despicable makeshifts and inane trivialities which formed the bulk of what was called newspaper literature. Antony, whom I had met at Cheyne Row and elsewhere—Major Sterling—was his son.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

As we were approaching Cork, he told me there was a man there it would please him to see face to face if possible. When he was publishing "Sartor," only two men on the face of the globe recognised in it anything beyond bewildered bedlamite rhapsodies. One of them was Emerson, then a Unitarian preacher in America; the other a Cork priest named O'Shea. Both of them wrote to Fraser, and said, "Let us have more of 'Teufelsdröckh,' for the man decidedly means something." At that time it was not at all a question of renown, but a question of living or not living, and he was very grateful to these men for a timely word of encouragement.

I told him nothing was easier than seeing Father O'Shea. He would be sure to meet him at the table of some of my friends in Cork, or we would call on him if he preferred.

Carlyle then proceeded to say he wrote the "Sartor" in a farm-house in the wilds of Dumfriesshire, where he and his wife lived, far enough away from any intelligible creature. Their nearest

neighbours lay five miles off—a respectable kind of people whom his wife had been connected with before marriage, but who thought him, as he was poor enough at this time, a strange, dreamy sort of fellow, who had nothing in him, and he regarded their talk about as much as the croaking of jackdaws. He and his wife sometimes visited his mother-in-law, who lived fifteen miles away, and his own father and mother were at a still more inaccessible distance, and they lived quite alone for the most part for seven years. It was here he wrote all the early reviews, but as they produced a small and altogether precarious income he determined to write a book, and he wrote "Sartor," and brought it up to London. No respectable bookseller would buy it from him, or so much as publish it. He found the literature of London at that time in a distracted condition, and he determined to remain throughout the winter, and observe it at closer quarters. In the end Fraser consented to take "Sartor" for some small sum—he believed it must have been about eighty pounds—conditioning, however, to put fifty copies of it together in volumes, and this was the way the book got itself published. He might add that when Fraser consented to put "Sartor" into his magazine, he cut down the payment £5 a sheet, to mark his moderate estimate of the book. When he produced fifty copies of the entire thing collected together, half-a-dozen were sent to men of letters in Edinburgh, not one of whom as much as acknowledged the receipt.

I asked him if the judgment of the bookseller's

taste, prefixed to "Sartor," was genuine. He said certainly it was genuine. It was the verdict of one of Murray's critics; Lockhart was believed to be the man.[1] His opinion was altogether more favourable, if any one cared to know, than the writers of the *Athenæum*, and the like of them, pronounced on the book when it was at last published as a whole. He had not found literature a primrose path; quite otherwise, indeed. His earliest experiments had failed altogether to find acceptance from able editors, and when, at length, he came to be recognised as a writer who had something to say, editors were still alarmed at the unheard-of opinions he promulgated, and probably because he did not wear the recognised literary livery of the period. He had tried for

[1] I. HIGHEST CLASS BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

Taster to Bookseller.—"The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long: it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. *Is* the work a translation?"

Bookseller to Editor.—"Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *MS.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar; I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to," &c. &c.—*MS.* (*tenes nos*), *London*, *17th September* 1831.

some permanent place in life with little avail, and had commonly eaten bread as hardly earned as any man's bread in England. He could testify that the literary profession, as it is called, had not been to him by any means a land flowing with milk and honey. He might say, were it of any moment at all, that though he had a certain faculty of work in him, the woman who manufactured the last sensational novel had probably got more money for a couple of her strange ventures than he had been paid by the whole bookselling craft from the beginning to that hour.

I suggested that he had been ill-interpreted by messieurs the critics to readers to whom his writings were not only new, but were sure to be puzzling and alarming.

As to criticism, he said Thackeray, John Sterling, and John Mill had written of his work in various quarters with appreciation, and more than sufficient applause; but criticism in general on books, and men, and things had become the idlest babble. Some of the foolishest and shallowest speculations about his books had appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the editor; but very lately some papers on "Cromwell," by a writer named, or who signed himself "Montécut," contained a deeper and truer estimate of his theory of life and human interests than he had met anywhere in a review before.

METHOD OF WORK.

Speaking of his method of work, he said he had found the little wooden pegs, which washer-women employ to fasten clothes to a line, highly convenient for keeping together bits of notes and agenda on the same special point. It was his habit to paste on a screen in his workroom engraved portraits, when no better could be had, of the people he was then writing about. It kept the image of the man steadily in view, and one must have a clear image of him in the mind before it was in the least possible to make him be seen by the reader.

I said it was hard to rely on portraits. I had seen in an exhibition in Paris a portrait of Robespierre at the climax of his influence, and he looked like a placid provincial practitioner whose brow had not broadened with power or wrinkled with responsibility; and I added, laughing, that he was not in the least "sea-green." I saw at the same time two contemporary portraits of Louis XVI., borrowed from some historic château, as little like each other as Hamlet and Polonius. In one of them the artist had idealised the king's face into a certain strength and dignity; the other might be taken as the caricature of a constitutional ruler—it was such a coarse commonplace countenance as the daguerreotype sometimes unexpectedly reveals, and a clumsy figure on which royal millinery looked quite out of place.

There was something in a genuine portrait, he said, which one could hardly fail to recognise as authentic. It looked like an actual man, with a consistent character, and left a permanent image in the memory.

EMERSON.

Returning to the subject of Emerson and "Sartor," he told me much which is now familiar to every one, such as Emerson's unexpected visit to the Highlands, and his second visit to England, when he spent some days with Carlyle touring and visiting literary people, his issuing an edition of "Sartor" in America, and so forth.

I asked him if Emerson's ideas could be regarded as original. He replied that Emerson had, in the first instance, taken his system out of "Sartor" and other of his (Carlyle's) writings, but he worked it out in a way of his own. It was based on truth, undoubtedly; but Emerson constantly forgot that one truth may require to be modified by a precisely opposite truth. He had not a broad intellect, but it was clear and sometimes even profound. His writings wanted consistency and a decisive intelligible result. One was constantly disappointed at their suddenly stopping short and leading to nothing. They were full of beauties —diamonds, or at times, bits of painted glass, strung on a thread, which had no necessary connection with each other. He frequently hit

upon isolated truths, but they remained isolated—they nowhere combined into an intelligible theory of life.

I asked him if he found more in the man than in his writings. He said, No; when they came to talk with each other their opinions were constantly found to clash. Emerson believed that every man's self-will ought to be cultivated, that men would grow virtuous and submissive to just authority, need no coercion, and all that sort of thing. He knew there were men up and down the world fit to govern the rest; but he conceived that, when such a man was found, instead of being put in the seat of authority, he ought to be restrained with fetters, as a thing dangerous and destructive. He bore, however, with great good humour the utter negation and contradiction of his theories. He had a sharp perking little face, and he kept bobbing it up and down with "Yissir, yissir" (*mimicking*) in answer to objections or expositions. He got mixed up with a set of philanthropists, but I told him, Carlyle added, that we had long ago discovered what sort of a set *they* were, and that they would be mightily rejoiced to get any decent captain to march at their head. Emerson, however, could not be induced on any conditions to applaud their sordid peace, or preach their panacea of cold water.

FATHER O'SHEA.

He met Father O'Shea repeatedly at Cork. I was present during their interviews, but as he has given some account of them himself in the "Reminiscences," I naturally prefer it to my notes :—

"Rain slightly beginning now, I return; take to writing: near 11 o'clock,—announces himself 'Father O'Shea!' (who I thought had been dead). To my astonishment enter a little greyhaired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticulation, boundless loyal welcome, red with dinner and some wine, engages that we are to meet to-morrow,—and again with explosion of welcome, goes his way. This Father O'Shea, some 15 years ago, had been, with Emerson of America, one of the *two* sons of Adam who encouraged poor bookseller Fraser, and didn't discourage him, to go on with 'Teufelsdröckh.' I had often remembered him since; had not long before *re*-inquired his name, but understood somehow that he was dead;—and now! To bed, after brief good night to Duffy; and, for rattling of window (masses of pamphlets will not still it) cannot, till near 5 A.M., get to sleep at all."

Next day he met Father O'Shea at dinner with Mr. Denny Lane, another ex-political prisoner.

"Fine brown Irish figure, Denny [he says]; distiller—ex-repaler; frank, hearty, honest air; like Alfred Tennyson a little."

"Opposite me at dinner was Father O'Shea, didactic, loud-spoken, courteous, good every way—a true gentleman and priest in the Irish style. . . . Good O'Shea, who I hear labours diligently among a large poor flock; [has] 3 or 4 curates: and though nothing of a bigot, seems truly a serious man."

We made a brief stay at Killarney, our host being Shine Lalor, who had barely escaped imprisonment in the late troubles. His residence, Castle Lough, was one of the show places of Killarney, and he brought Carlyle to the points of chief interest in the Lake district. There is a long account of this experience in the "Reminiscences," but it does not invite citation.

A Kerry Homestead.

The land question was a constant topic, and one day, as we drove through the county Kerry, I interrupted a colloquy on Irish landlords, in which Carlyle was disposed to insist that difference of religion made the people unduly suspicious of them, by inviting him to get off our car, and enter some huts on Lord Kenmare's estate, that he might judge for himself what sort of homes a landlord who

professed the same creed as his tenants provided for them. Here is the account he gives in the "Reminiscences" of the district, the people, and their homes:—

"Bare, *blue*, bog without limit, ragged people in small force working languidly at their scantlings or peats, no other work at all; look hungry in their rags; hopeless, air as of creatures sunk beyond hope. Look into one of their huts under pretence of asking for a draught of water; dark, narrow, *two* women nursing, other young woman on foot as if for work; but it is narrow, dark, as if the people and their life were covered under a tub, or 'tied in a sack;' all things smeared over too with a liquid *green;*—the cow (I find) has her habitation here withal. No water; the poor young woman produces butter-milk; in real pity I give her a shilling. Duffy had done the like in the adjoining cottage, ditto, ditto in Charcuter, with the addition that a man lay in fever there. These were the wretchedest population I saw in Ireland. 'Live, sir? The Lord knows; what we can beg, and rob,' (rob means *scrape up;* I suppose?): Lord Kinmare's people, he never looks after them, leases worthless bog, and I know not what. Bog all reclaimable, lime everywhere in it: swift exit to Lord Kinmare and the leases, or whatever the accursed *incubus* is!"

After we set out again on our journey, Carlyle said he often thought how like Ireland was to the

Irish horse Larry, which he had up at Craigenputtock. Larry sometimes broke into insubordination, but, on the whole, he was one of the most generous, kindly, and affectionate fellows that one could anywhere encounter. Mrs. Carlyle became dissatisfied with her mount one day they were riding on the moors, and proposed to try Larry. Up to that moment Larry had been skittish and intractable, but after Jane got on his back, he behaved himself like a gentleman. He was on honour, and conducted himself accordingly.

I suggested that Larry, like his countrymen, knew when he was well-treated, and had a decided objection to perpetual whip and spur.

MISS O'NEILL.

During our journey through the county Cork, Carlyle decided to visit Sir William and Lady Beecher, to whom he had brought introductions from Major Sterling, and he quitted me a day or two for this purpose. I was curious on his return to hear of Lady Beecher, who was once the famous Irish actress, Miss O'Neill.

He said he could not contrive to like her. She was a striking figure, but she had cold, cruel eyes, and a silent, reserved air, which was altogether disagreeable. She lived in stern reserve, and imposed her rigorous formal character upon her household and everything about her. Her face

might once have been handsome, but he did not think it ever could have been beautiful to him. It was now worn and faded, but her bearing was stately and striking.

I asked if I was to imply that she played the tragedy queen in private life.

No, he said, nothing could be more simple and systematic than her habits. She lived in constant obedience to what she called her duty, a sort of thrall of the Thirty-nine Articles and that sort of thing. Very sincerely, too, one could see.

When he arrived she had evidently not liked him, and peered at him, through her cold blue eyes, half shut with anxious scrutiny; but she came to like him better afterwards, and opened them a little. There was an immense portrait of her as Juliet, the one commonly engraved, he believed, which the artist had taken out to Russia when the Emperor brought him there, but his brother brought it back, and the old baronet purchased it. There was much more geniality and kindliness about the eyes in the portrait than the lady exhibited just now. She spoke about her former connection with the stage like one quite above all accidents of that kind—as a sovereign might speak of some incident of her early life in exile. There were two young daughters, the youngest really a lovely little lassie, and three boys; two were going to be barristers, and one was a soldier in Canada. The old baronet, who was stricken with disease, was a fine simple old gentleman, and their house was a thorough English mansion.

Our meeting again at Limerick is noted in the "Reminiscences":—

"Long low street, parallel to our rail; exotic in aspect, *Lim^k* plebs live there.—Station, strait confused; amid rain;—and Duffy stands there, with sad loving smile, a glad sight to me after all; and so in omnibus, with spectre, blacksmith, and full fare of others,—(omnibus that *couldn't* have a window opened) to 'Cruise's Hotel,'—Cruise himself, a lean, eager-looking little man of forty, most reverent of Duffy, as is common here, riding with us. Private room; and ambitious—bad dinner, kickshaws (sweetbreads, salmon, &c) and uneatables."

"*July* 24.—Glove shop; Limerick gloves, scarcely *any* made now; buy a pair of cloth gloves; n. b. have my gutta-percha shoes out *soleing* with leather, gutta having gone like toasted cheese on the paving in the late hot weather; right glad to have leather shoes again! Breakfast bad; confused inanity of morning, settling, &c; about noon Duffy goes away for Galway; and I am to follow after a day. Foolish young Limerick philosopher,—a kind of 'Young Limerick' (*neither* Old nor Young Ireland), in smoking room (wretched place), smokes with me while Duffy is packing to go; showed me afterwards the locality of the Mitchel-and-Meagher tragi-comedy, and ciceroned me thro' the streets. Quaker Unthank at 3½ P.M.; lean triangular visage (kind of 'Chemist,' I think), Irish accent, altogether English in thought, speech and ways. Rational

exact man; long before any other I could see in these parts."

We had brief snatches of talk at Limerick when the day's sight-seeing was done.

"FESTUS."

I asked him if he knew anything of a poem called "Festus." A hard-headed young Scotchman wanted to give me a specimen of convenient book-binding, and offered me a volume, which he said I might take without scruple, as he would never open it again; it was the maddest rhapsody ever printed in legible type. The book was "Festus," but I found it to be rich in poetry and sparkling with imagery of singular freshness and power.

"Festus," he said, he had never read, but he understood it was "Faustus" in a new garment, a sort of lunar shadow of Faust. Having eaten his pudding he was content, and felt no inclination to eat it again *réchauffé*. The poem made a great sensation in New England, and might have merits of which he was not aware. A troublesome fool had volunteered to bring the author, Bailey, to Cheyne Row, and it was probable he (Carlyle) had not treated him well. He was abrupt and impatient, he believed, confounding Bailey with the fellow who had volunteered to be sponsor for him. The young man was writing just now for a Notting-

ham newspaper of which his father was printer, or something of that sort.

IRISH HISTORY.

It was inconceivable, he said one day, how Irishmen fought futile and forgotten battles over again. Petrie (artist and antiquary, whom he had met in Dublin) was still in a rage against Bryan Boroihme for having upset the ancient constitution of Ireland—not a very serious calamity, one might surmise. It was working well, it seemed—or it seemed to Petrie, at any rate—till Bryan conquered and brought into subjection the subordinate princes. Bryan pleased the immortal gods, but the other parties pleased Petrie. Bryan Boroihme, his friends and enemies, his conquests over Celts and Danes, presented to one's mind only interminable confusion and chaos, or if there might, as my head-shaking implied, be a ground-plan more or less intelligible, it was not worth searching for. But there was a period of Irish history really impressive and worthy to be remembered, when the island undoubtedly sent missionaries throughout all the world then known to mankind, when she was a sort of model school for the nations, and in verity an island of saints. A book worthy to be written by some large-minded Irishman was one on that period, accompanied by another, which unhappily would be a tragic contrast, on the present and future of the country.

I said it was an Irish "Past and Present" he desired, but I thought there was more need of an Irish "Chartism," a vehement protest against the wickedness of ignorant and persistent misgovernment.

There was misgovernment enough in Ireland, he said, and in England too, where, however, it was encountered in an altogether different spirit. This longing after Bryan Boroihme was not a salutary appetite. There was scarcely a man, he should say, among the whole catalogue of Bryan Boroihmes, worth the trouble of recalling.

I suggested that they would compare favourably with the English rulers from Henry VIII. to George IV., both august personages included.

HENRY VIII.

Henry [he said], when one came to consider the circumstances he had to deal with, would be seen to be one of the best kings England had ever got. He had the right stuff in him for a king, he knew his own mind; a patient, resolute, decisive man, one could see, who understood what he wanted, which was the first condition of success in any enterprise, and by what methods to bring it about. He saw what was going on in ecclesiastical circles at that time in England, and perceived that it could not continue without results very tragical for the kingdom he was appointed to rule, and he over-

hauled them effectually. He had greedy, mutinous, unveracious opponents, and to chastise them was forced to do many things which in these sentimental times an enlightened public opinion [*laughing*] would altogether condemn; but when one looked into the matter a little, it was seen that Henry for the most part was right.

I suggested that, among the things he wanted and knew how to get, was as long a roll of wives as the Grand Turk. It would have been a more humane method to have taken them, like that potentate, simultaneously than successively; he would have been saved the need of killing one to make room for another, and then requiring Parliament to disgrace itself by sanctioning the transaction.

Carlyle replied that this method of looking at King Henry's life did not help much to the understanding of it. He was a true ruler at a time when the will of the Lord's anointed counted for something, and it was likely that he did not regard himself as doing wrong in any of these things over which modern sentimentality grew so impatient.

THE CHELSEA PHILOSOPHY.

Apropos of the difficulty most people would have in accepting his theory of Henry's character (which the reader will remember was not yet gilded and varnished by Mr. Froude), I spoke of other difficulties. I told him a scoffing friend of mine suggested that the Chelsea Philosophy included two theories impossible to reconcile; one insisted that a man without a purpose in life was no better than carrion, the other that a man who affirmed that he had a purpose was a manifest quack and impostor. For myself, I said, I found a difficulty of a similar nature, which I would be glad to have cleared up. He taught that a man of genius is commonly quite unconscious of the gift, and he treated with contempt as a cheat any one who professed to be so endowed. Suppose, I added, I ask you, Are you a man of genius? If you say No, how am I to accept that as a satisfactory answer? If you say Yes, consider on your own theory what consequence follows.

He laughed, and said that, with proper deductions for the practical purpose in view on each occasion, all this would be found to be altogether in harmony. As to himself, a forlorn and heavily laden mortal, with many miseries to abolish, or subdue into silence, he made no claim to preternatural endowments of any sort; few mortals less. As for genius, genius was in some senses strict vigilance, veracity, and

fidelity to fact, which every mortal must cherish if his life was not to have a tragic issue. After a long pause of silent meditation he went on :—

One had to accept the manifest facts; how else? Not one man in a million spoke truth in these times, or acted it, and hence the condition of things. Thousands of wretches in the poor-house, and hundreds busy fox-hunting or foreign touring in complete indifference to them. A man of the rascal species, who set up a bank of lies as his capital and equipment in life, could not have existed before the last century; but now you found a man of that class wherever you turned up and down the world. Plain dealing and frank speaking seemed to have vanished. Every year it was harder and harder to get an honest article of any fabric—a thing which was what it purported to be, or was not something shamefully the reverse of that. Our forlorn time might be called the age of shoddy. The inevitable end and net result of this sort of thing was one which he need not be at the trouble of specifying.

I told him that a lively young man of my acquaintance insisted that there was something to be said for shoddy. For his part, he did not want coats, trousers, hats, and handkerchiefs to last for ever, and make a man look like a caricature of himself. If they lasted a shorter time, they cost less, and you could renew them oftener. A hat that would look well for twelve months, if ever there was such a hat, cost a sum for which you could equip yourself with a shoddy hat once a quarter,

having freshness as well as novelty of structure. And women were able to dress infinitely better and more effectively at the same cost under the shoddy system.

Yes, he said, there was always an *advocatus Diaboli* who had a good word for his distinguished client, but the less men trafficked in that sort of commodity the better it would be for them in the long run.

BUCKLE.

I asked him about Buckle. I had recently read the first volume of his introduction to a "History of Civilisation in England," and thought it exhibited prodigious reading and a remarkable power of generalisation; but the style seemed to me clumsy, and coloured with perpetual egotism. Carlyle said he could not be pestered reading the book beyond the extracts one found in the weekly papers. Buckle had a theory of life one could see to which he required his facts to infallibly correspond—at their peril [*laughing*].

I suggested that Mr. Buckle had gathered valuable materials. Macaulay, with the same facts, would have written half-a-dozen essays, which would become familiar to every reading household in England; and there was another writer who would have extracted the essential oil from them to better purpose. Buckle's theory was that the world owed its progress, not to the influence of

religion or the arts of civilisation, but to what he called inquiry—meaning scepticism. From it, he insisted, came religious liberty and the gradual recognition of political rights. Nations were misled, he affirmed, by not sufficiently investigating natural causes. He regarded the human race as the bond-slaves of external phenomena; a rich soil or a temperate climate produced wealth, and civilisation followed but never preceded the creation of capital. Civilisation sprang up in an alluvial soil, or under a genial sky; and the distribution of wealth, as well as its creation, was governed entirely by physical laws. The Philosopher of Chelsea taught that the course of history was regulated by the lives of great men; Mr. Buckle insisted that it was regulated by the course of great rivers.

The eternal laws of the universe, Carlyle said, told an altogether different story, and the man who refused to recognise them, or insisted on reconstructing the world on a theory of his own, was not worth the pains of listening to.

People kept asking him, "Have you read Buckle's book?" but he answered that he had not, and was not at all likely to do so. He saw bits of it from time to time in reviews, and found nothing in them but shallow dogmatism and inordinate conceit. English literature had got into such a condition of falsity and exaggeration that one may doubt if we should ever again get a genuine book. Probably not. There were no longer men to write or to read them, and the ultimate result of that sort of thing was one which might be conceived.

MAZZINI.

I asked him about the party of Young Italy and its leader. Mazzini, he said, was a diminutive, dark-visaged, little fellow, with bright black eyes, about the stature of that newspaper Barry whom we had encountered at Cork.[1] Mazzini was a perfectly honourable and true man, but possessed by wild and fanciful theories borrowed from the French Republicans. He believed in George Sand and that sort of cattle, and was altogether unacquainted with the true relation of things in this world. The best thing that had ever befallen him was the opening of his letters by Sir James Graham; he was little known in London before that transaction; known, in fact, to few people except the circle in Cheyne Row. But afterwards he had innumerable dinner invitations, and got subscriptions up and down London for his Italian schools and other undertakings.

(DIARY, 1854).—I spoke to Mrs. Carlyle of Mazzini, whose name just then was a good deal in the newspapers. She said his character, which was generous and self-devoted, was greatly spoiled by a spirit of intrigue. He was always thinking what advantage he could get out of every occurrence.

Advantage for his cause? I queried.

1 Michael Joseph Barry, then editor of the *Southern Reporter*.

Yes, advantage for his cause, she said; but by methods such a man should scorn. It was he who planned the dinner of revolutionists at the American consul's lately, which got the American ambassador into such a scrape. The consul, a young American—Saunders was probably his name—pestered Mazzini to dine with him. He would only consent on condition that Garibaldi, Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and the rest were invited. An old Pole, it was said, had to borrow a sovereign to get his uniform out of pawn. Mazzini expected great results in Italy and Hungary from the false interpretation which would be put on this dinner with an American official. Ledru-Rollin and Kossuth, who hated each other, met there for the first time, and probably never again. In fact, it was all a stage play, which Mazzini expected to produce the effect of a sincere and serious transaction.[1]

I said I had supposed him too grave and proud for anything like a trick. She said he was certainly grave and dignified, but he sometimes uttered trivial sentimentalities, with this air of gravity and dignity, in a way that was intensely comic. He was entirely engrossed in his purpose, however, while one of his brother triumvirs, a successor of

[1] "On Tuesday last, the eve of Washington's birthday, G. N. Sanders, Esq., the American consul at London, gave an international dinner at his residence, when there were present Mr. Buchanan, Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Sir J. Walmsley, M.P., Garibaldi, Worcell, Orsini, Pulsky, Hertzen, and Mr. Welsh, attaché to the Legation in London."—*Illustrated London News*, Feb. 25, 1854.

Rienzi in the government of Rome, actually wrote to London to say that the *Westminster Review* need not despair of an article he had promised, he would send it with the delay of a month or two. This was a national tribune *pour rire.*

LYNCH LAW.

Speaking of strikes, Carlyle said artisans had probably been ill-used; injustice was to be met with in all departments of human affairs, but they had attempted to right themselves by methods which could on no account be tolerated—systematised outrages resembling the ugly gambols of Lynch law beyond the Atlantic.

I suggested that something might be said for Lynch law. It was the only chivalry of the old type left in the world, which righted wrongs and chastised evil-doers for the simple love of justice. Its officials might be regarded by imaginative persons as the knight-errants of the nineteenth century.

Carlyle laughed, and said they were knights worthy of the century; blind, passionate, ignorant of real justice, and intolerably self-confident in their ignorance. Lynch law was the invention of a people given to loud talk and self-exhibition, who had done nothing considerable in the world that he had ever heard of.

At Galway our host was a man who had afterwards a remarkable career—Edward Butler,

then the editor of a Nationalist journal, who had been a State prisoner recently, and became a few years later leader of the Sydney bar and Attorney-General of New South Wales. In the "Reminiscences" Carlyle notes a curious *rencontre* at this time:—

"Hospitable luncheon from this good editor, Duffy's *sub*-editor now, I think;—in great tumult, in blazing dusty sun, we do get seated in the 'Tuam Car,' quite full and—Walker [introduction from Major Sterling, brother of John Sterling] recognising me, inviting warmly both Duffy and me to his house at Sligo, and mounting up beside me, also for Tuam this night,—roll prosperously away, Duffy had almost rubbed shoulders with Attorney-General Monahan; a rather sinister polite gentleman in very clean linen, who strove hard to have got him hanged lately, but couldn't, such was the *bottomless* condition of the thing called 'Law' in Ireland."

The Queen's College, of which Galway seemed to be particularly proud, planted on the lonely and desolate shores of Lough Corrib, opposite the poor-house, appeared to Carlyle like a reduced gentleman sitting in the mud waiting for relief from the establishment over the way.

On our journey towards Sligo an incident occurred so unexpected and characteristic that it deserves to be mentioned. We were inside passengers by a mail coach, and before it started a

young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon joined us. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight-seeing and the pleasures of travelling, mounting at times to higher themes, like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a road-side station, and the bride, whom I happened to have known at Belfast, from whence she came, immediately exclaimed, "Who is that twaddling old Scotchman who allows no one to utter a word but himself?" I was so tickled by this illustration of the folly of scattering pearls in unsuitable places, that I burst into a guffaw of laughter, which was not easily extinguished. In the evening Carlyle asked me what I had been laughing at so boisterously. I told him, expecting him to be as much amused as I was. But philosophers, I suppose, don't like to be laughed at by young brides, for he was as much disconcerted by the incident as a beau of four-and-twenty. The absurdity of her judgment he refused to see, and was disposed to insist that she was merely a charming embodiment of the *vox populi*, for undoubtedly he was an old Scotchman, and probably twaddled a good deal to no purpose.

MORE ODDS AND ENDS.

During our western journey the talk one day was confined to trifles. I asked him if he had ever come to any decision as to the authorship of "Junius." He replied that in his opinion it did not matter a brass farthing to any human being who was the author of Junius. I rejoined that one could not well be indifferent to a question which it was alleged touched the honour of either Burke, Chatham, Gibbon, or Grattan. There was a library of controversy on the question—books, pamphlets, essays, and articles—the writers of which must have set a considerable value on the solution of the problem.

It probably did not, Carlyle said, concern the honour of Burke and the others in the slightest degree. Persons who concerned themselves with questions of this nature seemed to be of opinion, if any one cared to know, that Philip Francis was the man.

I said that if I was sure of anything in the business it was that Francis was not the man. After his return from India he was constantly posing as a probable Junius, and after his death his wife made the claim definitely on his behalf; but if Junius wanted to be known he had the means of placing the matter outside the regions of doubt.

I was persuaded that Francis was Junius' amanu-

ensis and intermediary with Woodfall, and was fond of masquerading in his master's cast clothes. Carlyle made no answer, and proceeded to speak of other things.

I told him of a time when I had travelled over a part of our present route with John Mitchel and John O'Hagan (both known to him). After supper one evening, as O'Hagan read aloud a chapter of "Sartor Resartus," a commercial traveller who had strayed into the room demanded if we were playing a practical joke, pretending to read and applaud such astonishing nonsense. O'Hagan mildly assured him that it was a genuine book he read, written by Thomas Carlyle. "Carlisle!" he exclaimed; "I am not astonished at anything that fellow would publish. I saw his shop in Fleet Street, with a bishop in one window and the devil in another." O'Hagan informed him that Thomas Carlyle was as different a person from Richard Carlisle as Solomon the wise king from Solomon the old clothes-man and receiver of stolen goods. But he refused to be persuaded. "Why, sir," he repeated, "I saw with my own eyes his shop in Fleet Street, with the bishop and the devil side by side."

Carlyle said the bagman was better informed than his class, since he knew enough to construct an hypothesis of his own on the subject. Opinions and criticisms about himself were things he heard with little satisfaction; they were for the most part unutterably trivial and worthless. He was known in some small degree to a few men whom

he knew in turn, and that was all that was needful or salutary.

I told him that when I was in London a few weeks before I heard people laughing a good deal at the idea of him which had impressed itself on the mind of a Whig official of the second class. At a dinner-table the talk fell on the philosopher of Chelsea. After puzzling for a while to identify him, the official asked his neighbour in a whisper, "Isn't that the man who wrote the 'French Revolution'—with a Scotch accent?"

Carlyle laughed heartily, and imitated his unknown critic in various banal phrases always ending with the Scotch accent. I suggested that the official instead of a *bêtise* would have made an epigram if he had inquired whether the Mr. Carlyle in question was not the man who wrote all his speculations about Ireland with a decidedly Scotch accent? He laughed, and told the story of the Scotch judge who thought a little hanging would be very useful to a prisoner, implying, I suppose, that a little rough usage was wholesome for Ireland.

I told him that a student, in whose capacity and disposition I had a strong belief, asked for a line in his handwriting, a guiding maxim, if he might choose. We had now arrived at our hotel, and Carlyle wrote on a scrap of paper, as fitting counsel for the case in hand, *"Fais ton fait."* [1]

Recurring to Mitchel, he asked if difference

[1] This was the late Cashel Hoey, whose too early death is announced while these pages are being revised.

of policy had been the main cause of our separation.

Certainly, I said, it had. He wanted to advise the people not to pay poor-rate, poor-rate being the poor man's rent, and to prepare for immediate insurrection, when famine was everywhere in the island, and the French Revolution had not revived the national spirit. But he (Carlyle) was accountable for another cause of our difference; he had taught Mitchel to oppose the liberation of the negroes and the emancipation of the Jews. Mitchel wanted to preach these opinions in the *Nation*, but I could not permit this to be done, my own convictions being altogether different.

Mitchel, he said, would be found to be right in the end; the black man could not be emancipated from the laws of nature, which had pronounced a very decided decree on the question, and neither could the Jew.

W. E. FORSTER.

Towards the end of July, the young Quaker, whose arrival Carlyle had promised somewhere on the journey, suddenly joined us. He was engaged in administering a fund which his family and friends had raised for the relief of Irish distress, and has left a record of what he saw in Ireland which, for ghastly horror, rivals Defoe's picture of the Great Plague. He was at that time a vigorous, active young fellow, of simple habits

and simple speech, in which no one would have detected the future statesman. In the "Reminiscences" Carlyle thus records his arrival:—

"Car to Ballina (*Bally* is place, *vallum*); drivers, boots, &c., busy packing. Tuam coach (ours of yesterday) comes in; there rushes from it, shot as if by cannon from Yorkshire or Morpeth without stopping,—W. E. Forster! very blue-nosed, but with news from my wife, and with inextinguishable good-humour; he mounts with us almost without refection, and we start for Ballina; public car all to ourselves; gloomy hulks of mountains on the left; country ill-tilled, some *un*tilled, vacant, and we get upon wide stony moorland, and come in sight of the desolate expanses of 'Lough Con.' . . . Duffy has been at mass and sermon. Priest reproving practices on 'patron days' (pilgrimages, &c., which issue now in whisky mainly), with much good sense, says Duffy."

At Westport we came on a ruined population overflowing the workhouse and swarming in the streets. They were idle, or only making believe to work here and there, the Parliament in London having peremptorily negatived the proposal to turn these huge buildings into factories, where useful industries might be taught to young men and women, while the able-bodied were employed in raising the food they consumed. This is Carlyle's account of the place:—

"Human swinery has here reached its : cme, happily : 30,000 paupers in this union, population supposed to be 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above 3 or 4000 of them, subsidiary workhouses and outdoor relief for the others. Abomination of desolation ! what *can* you make of it ? Outdoor quasi-*work;* 3 or 400 big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks, and barrows, 'levelling' the end of their workhouse hill ; at first glance you would think them all working ; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce or two of mould, and it is all make-believe ; 5 or 600 boys and lads pretending to break stones. Can it be a *charity* to keep men alive on these terms ? . . . Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room ; *vogue la galère.* 'Dean Bourke' (Catholic priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here ; middle-aged, middle-sized figure, rustyish black coat, hessian boots, white stockings, good-humoured, loud-speaking face, frequent Lundy-foot snuff; a mad pauper woman shrieks to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking ; Dean, poor fellow, has to take it 'asy,' I find—how otherwise ? Issuing from the workhouse ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging. Wherever he shows face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him : he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge ; poor Dean Bourke ! "

The Irish problem, Carlyle said as we came away, was to make a beginning in checking pauperism. This was the first task a sensible man would desire to see taken in hand. He would not attempt to show the way, not being familiar with practical business, but he asserted there was a way. Peel, from his mastery over the details of business, knowing what this axle and that wheel was fit for, had great advantages, and if he were only thirty years of age with his present experience, he would do some notable work before he died.

One spectacle which struck Mr. Carlyle much in the later days of our journey, he has omitted to notice in the "Reminiscences," the systematic suppression of the peasantry by the landlords. I borrow a page or two from my own diary of the period on this and some other forgotten incidents :—

"We travelled slowly from Limerick to Sligo, and we found everywhere the features of a recently conquered country. Clare was almost a wilderness from Kilrush to Corofin. The desolate shores of Lough Corrib would have resembled a desert but that the stumps of ruined houses showed that not nature, but man, had been the desolator. Between Killala Bay and Sligo, during an entire day's travel, we estimated that every second dwelling was pulled down ; and not cabins alone, but stone houses fit for the residence of a substantial yeomanry.

"The degradation which had fallen on the generous Celtic race was a sight such as I had nowhere seen or read of. The famine and the landlords have actually created a *new race* in Ireland. We saw on the streets of Galway crowds of creatures more debased than the Yahoos of Swift—creatures having only a distant and hideous resemblance to human beings. Grey-headed old men, whose idiotic faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, and women filthier and more frightful than the harpies, who at the jingle of a coin on the pavement swarmed in myriads from unseen places; struggling, screaming, *shrieking* for their prey, like some monstrous and unclean animals. In Westport the sight of the priest on the street gathered an entire pauper population, thick as a village market, swarming round him for relief. Beggar children, beggar adults, beggars in white hair, girls with faces grey and shrivelled; women with the more touching and tragic aspect of lingering shame and self-respect not yet effaced; and among these terrible realities, imposture shaking in pretended fits to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness to the picture!

"I saw these accursed sights, and they are burned into my memory for ever. Poor, mutilated, and debased scions of a tender, brave, and pious stock, they were martyrs in the battle of centuries for the right to live in their own land, and no Herculaneum or Pompeii covers ruins so memorable to me as those which lie buried

under the fallen roof-trees of an 'Irish extermination.'"

We were shown the mansion of a baronet who spent in London a rental of £30,000 a year drawn from his Irish tenantry; he had ejected 320 persons within a few months, and was in arrears with his poor-rate.

After such a tragedy as Westport exhibited we could have little relish, I fancy, for criticism, or the biography of notabilities, but Carlyle reports that the day finished as usual with "babbling of literature," for which, it seems, I was responsible, needing, perhaps, some relief after much natural wrath and pity.

"Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some luncheon at our inn, and quit this citadel of mendicancy, intolerable to gods and man, back to Castlebar *this* evening. Brilliant rose-pink landlady, reverent of Duffy. Bouquet to Duffy; mysteriously handed from unknown young lady, with verse or prose note; humph! humph!—and so without accident in now bright hot afternoon, we take leave of Croagh Patrick—(devils and serpents all collected there—Oh, why isn't there some Patrick to do it now again!) and babbling of 'literature' (not by *my* will), perhaps about 5 P.M. arrive at Castlebar again, and (for D.'s sake) are reverently welcomed."

At Donegal our pleasant trip ended. I had to

return to Dublin with a view to revive immediately the *Nation* (which had been suppressed by the Government in July 1848), and Carlyle, after a brief visit to Gweedore, was to sail from Derry to Glasgow. This is the notice of our dispersion in the "Reminiscences," somewhat abridged:—

"Sea and Donegal and Killibegs, moory raggedness with green patches near, all treeless—nothing distinct till steep narrow street of 'Ballyshannon;' mills, breweries, considerable, confused, much white-washed country town. Tourists, quasi-English, busy at table already: silent exc^t waiter, doing his swiftest in imperturbable patience and silence. And so to the road again, quitting Ballyshannon; only Duffy, Forster, and I did breakfast there.

"Donegal a dingy little town; triangular market place; run across to see O'Neill's old mansion; skeleton of really sumptuous old castle,—Spanish gold in Queen Elizabeth's time had helped. Dropping Forster, who will go by Glentier to Gweedore, and meet *me* there; Duffy is for Dublin, I for Derry, and we part at Stranorlar; I, by appointment, am for Lord George Hill's, and have a plan of route from Plattnauer. And now from the moor-edge one sees 'Stranorlar' several miles off, and a valley mostly green, not exemplary for culture, but most welcome here. Down towards it, Duffy earnestly talking, consulting, questioning; pathetic, as looking to the speedy

end now. Down into the valley; fat heavy figure, in grey coarse woollen, suddenly running with us, sees me, says 'All r-ight!' It is poor Plattnauer, who has come thus far to meet me! we get him up; enter through the long outskirts of 'Stranorlar,' up its long idle-looking street, to coach-stand;—and there Duffy stretching out his hand, with silent sorrowful face, I say, 'Farewell,' and am off to Plattnauer's little inn; and consider *my* tour as almost ended."

I had sent to Dublin to procure a supply of Carlyle's favourite Repeal pipes, which I hoped to give him before parting, and I got in reply a story with a moral. The Repeal pipe had been pushed out of the market by an enterprising English manufacturer, who fabricated an imitation of it in cheaper materials, in chalk, I believe, instead of pipe clay; and after earning a little dishonest profit by selling it under the same name, totally destroyed the character of both articles, and brought the traffic to an end. I told the story to Carlyle, and assured him that this had been the history of more important industrial enterprises in Ireland. Our native woollens had been imitated in shoddy in Yorkshire, and the fraudulent article sent for sale in Dublin as Irish manufacture. Carlyle said the despicable and distracted career of modern competition had many worse incidents to exhibit. One of the most alarming phases of our social life was the complete contempt for veracity and integrity, by which profit was pursued by

these sons of Mammon, the ultimate result of which no reasonable man could doubt.

As soon as he got settled at home our correspondence recommenced, and a little later our conversations.

Part Third.

By the time Carlyle reached Chelsea, after a visit to his people in Scotland, I had revived the *Nation*. He took a genuine interest in every honest attempt to help a country depopulated by famine, and where industry was paralysed by the death or flight of the industrious classes. He wrote constantly on the subject, and it will be a revelation to those who believe him to have been indifferent or hostile to Ireland to note what long and anxious thought he bestowed on the Irish problem. Here is a letter written six weeks after our separation in Ulster. In this, and in all his letters, he speaks his mind with perfect frankness and unreserve; they need no comment, and I have refrained from offering any; but a glance at the circumstances in which a letter was written is occasionally necessary to the better understanding of it, and in such cases I have endeavoured to make the note as brief and practical as a telegram:—

Ireland in 1849—The Land Question.

"Chelsea, 29*th Sept.* 1849.

"Dear Duffy,—I got your *Nation* No. 1 far up in the Highlands of Scotland; the other Nos.

(except the 2nd, which now lies *here* again) at successive more southerly points; and, finally, the night before last, on my return home from these long roamings, I found your letter, left by mistake of somebody, here instead of being forwarded, and safe, though among a heap of rubbish. This is what news I have had of you since the day you rolled away from me on the street of Stranorlar; news enough if one will consider it well, and spread it out to all its expansion.

"I like the new *Nation* very well, especially No. 3 of it, which was the second that reached me. I seem to see there a beam of real star-fire and manful insight and endeavour, shooting forth from amid the old too-smoky and fuliginous elements; and destined yet, by heaven's blessing, to subdue them all to itself, and beam clearer and clearer by whatever real substance was in them. I wish much—perhaps you do not know, or decipher from my vehement and impatient speech, how much I wish—that it may be so. Better or worse, yours is the only voice I hear in Ireland entitled to any considerable regard from me—the one human voice there amid the infinite barking and howling, which is all we have heard this long while. May you truly *love* wisdom, and regard all other things, popularities, nationalities, &c. &c., as mere noise and nonsense in comparison. Him that is loyal to wisdom, wisdom *will* reward and him only; he shall 'acquire strength by going,' for all the universe is on *his* side, and his light, in the darkest of nights,

even in Ireland's night of 1849, 'shall shine more and more unto the perfect day.' Your temptations, and open and disguised impediments, I discern too well, will be many; but the task is great, and, if you front them well, the prize, too, is great. Courage, patience, the eye to see and the heart to endure and do, may these be yours, and all that follows from them!

"To-day I have already written two letters, all on Ireland, and must not go deep into the subject again just now. Your account of the potato failure is much stronger than I have yet gathered elsewhere, though it corresponds in tendency with what I saw in Scotland, where the miserable roots were daily getting spotted more and more, yet it was without that murrain rapidity of '46, and one's conclusion then was that nobody could yet say or guess to what extent it might go. Anyway, there cannot now be any 'famine' as in '46; poor-rates being everywhere established, and the potatoes, rotted or not, being now altogether the property of the farmer, properly of the landlord, to be struggled for between *them*, the poor cottier having now no share in that game at all. May they rot, I say, always; may the past existence of Ireland remain *past*, unrestorable by human cowardice or cunning any more in this world! Alas! even rotted they will do much mischief still; they will for years to come make of agriculture a kind of gambling, or at least keep alive an element of that kind in it, pernicious in all pursuits of men. A farmer in the

Perth region, I was told repeatedly, had gained £2000 by his potatoes alone last year; the prices in London were some sixfold, and the Perth man's potatoes *had* lived. This year it is likely enough they may have died, and his loss—nay, who can estimate his loss (if there really be a soul in him) whether they have died or lived.

"You are surely right in what you argue about the state of the land: that it is a covenant of iniquity, clean contrary to God Almighty's law, and conformable only to my Lord Chancellor's law, that now gives a ploughing man access to Irish soil (and you may add Scottish and English and European if you like); a terrible solecism—alas! alas! the outcome of a million other silent and spoken solecisms; of *all* our solecisms, cants, cowardices, and contraventions of the everlasting Acts of Heaven's Parliament! The sight of it, fallen upon us in its naked horror, and the thought, how far beyond the most distant mountains the sources of it lie, and the remedies of it lie, may well make a man sad.

"You are sure of my poor sympathy, and of all good men's on this side of the water or on that, in any feasible attempt to improve even a little that misery of miseries. In 'land tenure' itself, or the direct question of tenant and landlord, it is possible some considerable improvement might by express law be brought about; but I confess the figure of an 'Act of Parliament' that could rectify all that is inconceivable; and even of one that could tend at all decidedly to rectify it, I have no clear notion

hitherto. If you have, by all means explain it publicly, but not till you have studied it well, and talked with lawyers, political economists, and all such classes upon it. What they have to say, were it even all false, has to be taken along with one, and known both to be, and to be a falsity. The 'land tenure' in England, you perhaps are not aware, is precisely what your Irish one is, in that most essential respect that the tenant has no lease. Generally throughout this South of England leases are not known, or only beginning to be known; yet nowhere in the Queen's dominions does the farmer, with all his workers, sit so easy. From the practice of England you will get no help; I think the Scotch law, if it were investigated with that view, would be found to yield you something. Did you ever speak with Hancock on the subject? He is full of zealous notions on that or kindred matters, and speaks from under a wig withal. On the whole be practical, be *feasible*, that is the one condition; support in abundance awaits you here if that be complied with.

"Also do not much mind Linton, who is a well enough meaning but, I fear, extremely windy creature, of the Louis Blanc, George Sand, &c., species. And more power to your elbow every way, and always more.—Yours ever sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

"One Espinasse, a young Edinburgh man, now and for some years past in Manchester, I accident-

ally learn, has written to you, offering services, which have been declined. Very well, upon that be there no return. But, somehow, I feel that you do not probably understand this poor young man, and that I ought to say a word in explanation of him. Poor fellow! he is a kind of hero this little Espinasse, and is now threatened with changing into a kind of Scotch *Rousseau*, so unpropitious are the elements to him. An excellent scholar, especially in German, &c., full of exact information on all manner of subjects, discernment sharp as a hawk's (especially on the satirical side); in all ways an honourable, proudly veracious, anti-humbug little fellow (strange as you may think it), and very much to be relied on for doing whatsoever he undertakes to do. Of a contemptuous, proud temper, as I say, though honest to the bone; that is really the man's character if you can believe me, who have known him for several years. Of late I find he has once or twice taken to the most flagrant imitation of me, which looks absurd and almost mad, quite unfit for any journal, but I assure you he can write in quite other styles than that, and used to do literary, &c., articles for the Manchester *Examiner* very well indeed, till he took some huff at them. In the interest of suffering humanity, and for the sake of a young man of real superiority, I testify these things. In the name of the Prophet, figs!"

Carlyle never saw Mr. Linton, and misunderstood him, I think. W. J. Linton, the well-known wood-

engraver (and who, judging him by the illustrations of one of his own poems, was also an artist of profuse fancy and skilful pencil), was less a French republican of the school of George Sand and Louis Blanc, than an English republican of the school of Milton and Cromwell, to which Carlyle himself may be said to have belonged. Like many gifted young Englishmen of the time, he found himself drawn towards the *Nation*, and contributed to it largely in prose and verse. The prose was, for the most part, controversial, justifying or illustrating opinions on which he differed with the editor; the poetry was incitements towards a generous and lofty nationality. I was delighted at the time, and still recall with pleasure the pictures he drew of the future we aimed to create. The sympathic reader will not regret, I think, to make acquaintance with one little poem of this class.

"THE HAPPY LAND.

" The Happy Land!
Studded with cheerful homesteads, fair to see,
With garden grace and household symmetry;
How grand the wide-brow'd peasant's lordly mien,
The matron's smile serene!
O happy, happy land!

" The happy land!
Half-hid in dewy grass, the mower blithe
Sings to the day-star as he whets his scythe;
And to his babes, at eventide again,
Carols as blithe a strain.
O happy, happy land!

" The happy land!
Where, in the golden sheen of autumn eves,
The bright-hair'd children play among the sheaves
Or gather ripest apples all the day,
As ruddy-cheek'd as they.
O happy, happy land!

" O happy land!
The thin smoke curleth through the frosty air,
The light smiles from the windows; hearken there
To the white grandsire's tale of heroes old—
To flame-eyed listeners told,
O happy, happy land!

" O happy, happy land!
The tender-foliaged alders scarcely shade
Yon loitering lover and glad blushing maid.
O happy land! the Spring that quickens thee
Is Human Liberty!
O happy, happy land!"

A few days later, I was gratified by a note expressing emphatic and quite unprecedented approval of what I was labouring to effect in Ireland. All my colleagues in the earlier *Nation* were either dead, exiled, suffering the penalties of the law of treason, or (in a very few cases) disheartened by failure. I aimed to enlist recruits to fill their places, but I did not conceal from such new-comers the hard terms the service of Ireland imposed, or that the class of work to be done in the existing condition of the country would be slow and obscure. They were no longer invited, as of old, to share in literary projects; reviving historical traditions or singing madrigals was scarcely an honest employment in such a country.

Our ship was a wreck on the waters, floating fast towards the breakers; whoever could help to raise the shattered masts aloft, or unravel the tangled ropes, would be thrice welcome. Carlyle's approval was a strong incentive to press on.

"CHELSEA, *Tuesday, October* 2, 1849.

"Capital article, dear Duffy, that in last *Nation:* 'Wanted, a few Workmen!' To every word and tone of that I say, Amen. Stand by that; that is the real text to preach innumerable sermons from. Properly the one result to be striven for; all other results whatsoever to be measured precisely by their effect towards accomplishing of this! *I call this the best article I ever read on Ireland;* a noble 'eloquence' in this, the eloquence of sorrow, indignation, and belief. Cart is not put *before* horse in these utterances of yours, the first time I have ever seen that condition observed (that I can remember) by any patriotic Irish writer or speaker whatsoever.

"Steady, steady! Hold on in that course, which will spread out wide as the world for you, and you will do immense good; *ut fiat!*—In great haste, yours, T. CARLYLE."

Sympathetic readers will be curious to see what sort of an article in a Nationalist journal Carlyle could pronounce the best he had ever read on Ireland; and if I gratify this sentiment by printing

it, the reader, I trust, will understand that I would do so with less hesitation if it were the work of any one else.

"WANTED, A FEW WORKMEN.

"Ireland has urgent need of workmen, able and willing to work—of men who will gradually create about them, each in his own city, hamlet, or narrow corner, a circle of light and vital warmth, where there is now ignorance and lethargy.

"It is singular to remark how the obscurest and the most conspicuous offices of public service have become vacant together. The panorama of history nowhere presents a great stage so nearly deserted, or on which the prizes of generous ambition are so feebly contested.

"But competitors, high and low, must be called forth again, and the ardour of a noble rivalry re-awakened, or the hope of rebuilding Ireland from her ruins, is a dream. Unless there are labourers sufficient for the labour, the very attempt becomes a cheat or a jest.

"The generous young men who last bore the heat of the contest have received the wages that oftenest pay heroic toil. They stood in the front rank, nearest the danger, and they have been struck down. They are now pining in exile or seething in prison-ships, and Ireland, it is said, is slavishly indifferent to their fate. This is the very hour when we demand with most confidence new recruits to fill

their places. For it is in the hour of her moral eclipse that our country moves the profoundest pity and devotion; and the men capable of helping her in this extremity are plainly men not to be enlisted by cockades or bounty, by promises of easy triumph or visions of personal distinction. If there be not many candidates who will undertake her service, knowing the wages—men ready to work in obscure toil, willingly embraced and patiently persisted in, without the encouragement of applauding hands or glorification of any sort for the present, we have seen the latter end of Celtic Ireland.

"If there be practical capacity anywhere in this country, it never had a more favourable field in the world. No class of interest is so adequately represented as to shut its ears to intelligible counsel, if it could hear it. Few offices, under popular control, are so satisfactorily occupied that men do not desire and speculate upon a change for the better. The very offices of Government are vacant—nearly as vacant as if a revolution had given up Dublin Castle to the people. Whoever is able to perform the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland efficiently, or Minister of Public Works and Industrial Progress, or Minister of Public Instruction, will find the place vacant, waiting for his coming. Not the official uniform, and the salary, indeed; but the power to create and guide operations, and get work done—the true essence of authority.

"The places are vacant, but the list of candidates who have hitherto appeared with claims worth

considering is very scanty. The difficulty in ejecting usurpers is exactly the want of successors worthy of succeeding; and nothing more.

"Spouting, speeching, and operations of that sort can be performed by a large proportion of the adult population of this island. The faculty of writing sonorous and swelling sentences is nearly as common. O'Connell made a guerilla of ruthless speechifiers who disturbed the peace of private society with the thunder of their afternoon eloquence; and Young Ireland must plead guilty to having created 'a mob of gentlemen who write with ease.' But there is no country in Europe where there is so little *practical* genius, practical skill, or fruitful practical knowledge as in Ireland. The smallest official trained in the petty routine of public business, the dullest intermittent commissioner who does 'jobs' for the Executive, has generally more administrative capacity than some of the best of our public men. The grand, romantic, and picturesque fire the Irish imagination; but it plunges restlessly in the harness of practical work. And mark the result on our popular institutions. We have Irish members who originate nothing; Irish corporations bankrupt in funds, character, and influence; Irish boards of guardians replaced by paid officials, who do the work better, to the deep discredit and permanent injury of the country.

"Whoever knows anything of the administration of public institutions or political societies amongst us, knows that, however large the body may be, the

actual labour falls on half-a-dozen men. It does not seem possible to get a larger number together in Ireland who will do habitual work. Yet a country is framed and shaped, lost or won, not by institutions, but by the individual labours of men. Better a dozen men like Thomas Davis than an Irish Parliament; for a dozen Thomas Davises would imply that conquest, and many others more impossible to ordinary capacity. Such men, working together cordially for an honest purpose, multiply their mutual strength in a ratio too subtle for arithmetic. Twice five is often equal, not to ten, but to ten hundred. It is precisely workmen who will work in this spirit Ireland has need of.

"Our soil, climate, sea, situation—the capacious harbours so much more familiar to eloquence than at Lloyd's, the mill sites, the water powers, the immultiplicable treasures that lie locked up in Irish soil, of which we have sung and said so much—what are they but the tools of men—the tools with which they may glorify races, and build up States, if they will? And here are the tools awaiting the young men of Ireland—plentiful as they ever were in any country on the earth, and obedient to the hands that will learn to wield them. The devil and all his angels could not keep them from possessing this country if they were worthy of it. Even now, thinned and scattered as they are by exile and emigration, they have immeasurably a stronger hold upon Ireland than the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain, if they had

virtue to make a noble use of their capacity and opportunity.

"The waste lands, waste resources, waste powers, even the waste labour of Ireland (shut up in workhouses) is not so strange a violation of national economy as these waste opportunities—waste simply for want of the individual enterprise and action so common in other countries. In America, the forest is scarcely cleared by the Irish pioneer till a city springs up, and mill wheels are whirling and engines panting, and soon a hundred miles of iron railway links the city of yesterday with the great marts of the Republic and the distant centres of commerce in the Old World. In Australia, where the kangaroo and the cannibal shared the silent shores a few years ago, when Ireland was fighting for religious liberty, cities have grown up which already vie in riches, and even in social organisation, with many of the old fountainheads of civilisation in Europe. It is true these countries have wide territory, and are not pressed upon by old domineering institutions; but the essential difference does not lie here, but in the hopefulness and irrepressible energy with which men work in these new, growing countries. Ireland is new; Ireland is unexhausted and untried; and, if we set deliberately to work, filling up the details of a great design day by day, we would see similar results accomplished; to-day clearing away old rubbish, to-morrow laying a foundation-stone; quarrying materials here, training workmen there; till the

design, of which the ignorant could discern little or nothing in the rude details, stood revealed at last a perfect and eternal work.

"If it be possible to get together a small number of men who understand these deficiencies, and will conscientiously endeavour to amend them, in themselves and others, it will be a good beginning. Such a brotherhood, like the modern giant of steam, would find no work too heavy or too light for it. They might preach the rights of the poor with the burning zeal of a Howard or a Vincent de Paul, and teach the ignorant with the patient, humble assiduity of Gerald Griffin. At lowest, they would take care to master with anxious study the principles of all weighty measures prescribed to the people, and refuse to cry out that this or that was a remedy without making sure as life and death that it was so. And, having made sure of the right, they would refuse to sit still while anything remained to be done to advance and accomplish it. Ireland is falling to ruin for want of workmen like these.

"Let such young men as feel honestly called to help us in this design send us their names, and they will be enrolled in a company from which we predict substantial and permanent services to Ireland. But it is workmen we want. With idle politicians, amateur politicians, trading politicians we propose to transact no business. One hour from the man who gives ten to his own proper pursuits will be precious. Ten hours from the student who is feeding his spirit with heroic generous purposes, and

training his intellect in the school of public affairs, will be welcome. But no magic can turn the jaded hacks of politics, or the fops of literature, into men fit for this company. The fitness of candidates will be tested by the work they can accomplish; and this is a thermometer that takes no account of any quantity of blatant commonplace, or of eloquent sentiments if they mean nothing, or nothing worth meaning. All candidates shall have a fair trial. For the successful a great prize is reserved—the re-creation and government of Ireland: a prize surely among the divinest that man ever aspired to win. Many will aim for it.

"'Time shows who *will* and *can*.'

"Although we begin to work in the midst of social disorganisation, our main task is not to combat and resist, but to found and create. This is a work of a tangible, practical kind for all who are ready to undertake it. Vague incentives to self-reliance, and the miner morals in general, are like sowing chaff—no harvest grows from that kind of toil; but we purpose to demand *precise* and *specific* results from all who are prepared to help us in taking possession of our country: results that will enrich the country and ennoble the workers. The drill, the jacket, and the discipline transform an Irish peasant into a sub-constable, with as military a carriage and as expert an eye and hand as a veteran of the Peninsula. A few years in a National school, and the boy who emerged out of a smoky and squalid cabin, shared

with a pig, is turned into a clean and shapely youth, fit to wrestle with the world, and to win the match. Look at a railway porter or a railway policeman—the decent uniform and the punctual system soon make a new man of the peasant. And this physical training is a small thing compared with the result of discipline on the *intellect* and *practical power* of cultivated, aspiring men. The one multiplies iron, the other multiplies rarest gold of Ophir. A poor-house, or a lunatic asylum, is scarcely a sadder spectacle to us than the hall of the Four Courts, with its multitude of keenest faculties wasting in endless barrenness, waiting for work to do, which to many will never come, while nobler work ready to be done is waiting for them, if they would learn to do it. There will be many gloomy, discontented hearts in Ireland while idleness is counted a social distinction, and until it becomes the point of honour to be usefully employed. And this is a gospel which we must preach not by words spoken, but by work done.

"When Napoleon turned administrator, he proclaimed as the issue of his task that not one pauper should remain in all France; and that gigantic worker was striding towards this result when the clash of arms called him away from his nobler war against social disorganisation. In the enormous lazar-house of Ireland it is not out of the range of rational ambition to attain the same goal. If the young men of Ireland do their duty we shall see in a few years a happy people sit on our soil, and the

pauper workhouses become houses of work for free prosperous labour. We shall see raised on this solid basis that glorious temple in which Tone and Davis, O'Brien and Meagher aspired to worship and devoted their lives to consecrate. That new nation which shall gather back beneath her wings the scattered children of our race, and bid them fulfil her promised destiny. We shall see our free, developed, purified Ireland at last become what foreign genius has predicted, and native genius may accomplish, 'the new and better Carthage of the West.'

"This is work for barely one generation. In one generation the Electorate of Brandenburgh grew into the powerful, populous kingdom of Prussia. In the lifetime of one man the loose, boundless, disjointed tracts of the two Russias condensed into a firm and coherent empire. The trampled provinces of Spain in the Low Countries—a huge Bog of Allen, a gigantic public work—arose and expanded into the Empire of the Sea in less time than our young men may still hope to live and work.

"And no generation of men born into the world had nobler work to do if they be worthy of their destiny.

"If they prefer sloth and apathy, great results are of course impossible. If they prefer bellowing inane noise and nonsense, they are more hopelessly impossible. But if they will be wise and resolute, a great thinker has foretold their victory. 'Even the casualties of life,' he says, 'seem to bow to the spirit that will *not* bow to them; and yield to sub-

serve a design which, in their first apparent tendency, they threatened to frustrate.'

"Ireland wants a few workmen of this calibre."

Among the recruits who answered this appeal, several had afterwards remarkable public careers, notably a young Munster Catholic who, after forty years, is now an official entrusted with the greatest industrial enterprise committed to any Irishman in our day;[1] and a young Munster Protestant, who became leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons between the death of Mr. Butt and the rise of Mr. Parnell. Out of these speculations on the duty of Irishmen came not all that was hoped indeed, but at any rate the Tenant League of 1850, and the commencement of a land war not yet finished, and the establishment of the first Parliamentary party of independent opposition.

In the succeeding month, Carlyle surprised me by a contribution from his own pen. Here is the letter which accompanied it:

"DEAR DUFFY,—The enclosed blotch of writing is tumbling about my blotting books for a while past. I ought to *burn* it at once; but as penny stamps have come into the world, prefer that *you* should have the pleasure of burning it. Do so, in Heaven's name; do what else you like, only

[1] Mr. Commissioner MacCarthy, Land Purchase Commission.

don't (except to your own heart) speak of my mortal name in connection with it. The thing wavers so between being something and being nothing, that, in short, I think you ought to have the burning of it. '*Fas et ab hoste.*' 'A Friend with a surly severe face,' 'From Mr. Bramble's *Arboretum Hibernicum*,' &c. &c., some such reference, if you print any portion of it. Do as you like; only, you are sworn to silence deep as death, mind that.

"Terrible quantity of cry for any symptom of wool that yet clearly appears. Nobody speaks sense (on the whole nobody there) but yourself. So in the *Nation* too.—Adieu in haste,

"T. CARLYLE.

"CHELSEA, 26*th November*.

"Can you recommend to me a reasonable collection of *Irish songs?* I do not care how *vulgar* they are, how, &c. &c., provided only there be in any form a trace of human veracity and insight discernable in them. T. C."

I printed the contribution with the sort of preliminary note he suggested, and strictly preserved his secret; but he was a man who could not hide himself. Mr. Rintoul of the *Spectator* immediately identified the article as Carlyle's, and complained that the *Nation* should talk of a surly face, when, in truth, it was a sweet and sympathetic one to those who understood it. Since his death the

article has been referred to in biographies and reviews, and printed, in America at any rate. The reader will like to see it, and there is no longer anything that needs to be concealed:—

"TREES OF LIBERTY.

"FROM MR. BRAMBLE'S UNPUBLISHED 'ARBORETUM HIBERNICUM.'

[This was the preliminary note in the *Nation*:—"A friend with a surly satirical face flings in our way this banter upon 'Irish indolence.' Very well, friend; we shame the devil and print your libel. *Fas et ab hoste doceri.* If there be any seeds of truth in it they will grow, when the chaff and wrappage only make manure for them."]

"Many Irishmen talk of dying, &c., for Ireland; and I really believe almost every Irishman now alive longs in his way for an opportunity to do the dear old country some good. Opportunities of at once usefully and conspicuously 'dying' for countries are not frequent, and truly the rarer they are the better; but the opportunity of usefully if inconspicuously living for one's country, this was never denied to any man. Before 'dying' for your country think, my friends, in how many quiet strenuous ways you might beneficially live for it.

"Every patriotic Irishman (that is, by hypothesis, almost every Irishman now alive), who would so fain make the dear old country a present of his whole life and self, why does he not, for example—directly after reading this, and choosing

a feasible spot—at least, plant one tree? That were a small act of self-devotion; small, but feasible. Him such tree will never shelter. Hardly any mortal but could manage that—hardly any mortal, if he were serious in it, but could plant and nourish into growth one tree. Eight million trees before the present generation run out, that were indubitable acquisition for Ireland: for it is one of the barest, raggedest countries now known; far too ragged a country, with patches of beautiful park and fine cultivation, like shreds of bright scarlet on a beggar's clouted coat—a country that stands decidedly in need of shelter, shade, and ornamental fringing, look at its landscape where you will. Once, as the old chroniclers write, 'a squirrel (by bending its course a little, and taking a longish leap here and there) could have run from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway without once touching the ground;' but now, eight million trees, and I rather conjecture eight times eight millions, would be very welcome in that part of the empire. On fruit-trees, though these too are possible enough, I do not yet insist, but trees—at least, trees.

"That eight million persons will be persuaded to plant each his tree, we cannot expect just yet; but do thou, my friend, in silence go and plant thine—that thou canst do; one most small duty, but a real one, if among the smallest conceivable, and a duty which henceforth it will be a sweet possession for thee to have lying *done*. Ireland

for the present is not to be accounted a pleasant landscape. Vigorous corn, but thistles and docks equally vigorous; ulcers of reclaimable bog lying black, miry, and abominable at intervals of a few miles; no tree shading you, nor fence that avails to turn cattle—most fences merely, as it were, soliciting the cattle to be so good as not to come through—by no means a beautiful country just now! But it tells all men how beautiful it might be. Alas, it carries on it, as the surface of this earth ever does ineffaceably legible, the physiognomy of the people that have inhabited it: a people of holed breeches, dirty faces, ill-roofed huts—a people of impetuosity and of levity—of vehemence, impatience, imperfect, fitful industry, imperfect, fitful *veracity*. Oh, Heaven! there lies the woe of woes, which is the root of all.

"'Trees of Liberty,' though an Abbé wrote a book on them, and incalculable trouble otherwise was taken, have not succeeded well in these ages. Plant you your eight million trees of shade, ornament, fruit: that is a symbol much more likely to be prophetic. Each man's tree of industry will be, of a surety, *his* tree of liberty; and the sum of them, never doubt of it, will be Ireland's."

I probably wrote him, what it would have been discourteous to print, that his pleasant little paper betrayed a fundamental unacquaintance with Irish affairs. It was hopeless to reforest a country where, if a tenant planted his seed or sapling, and

tended it until it became a mature tree, the law declared it to be the property of the landlord, without a scrap of compensation to the man who reared it.

Next month he did the next best thing to encouraging what he thought right, he discouraged what he thought wrong, always with a gracious frankness characteristic of the man, but impossible to the Carlyle whom a heedless public have latterly invented for themselves.

"CHELSEA, *9th December*, 1849.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Read the enclosed testimony (if you have a pair of spectacles at hand), and show it to the contributor who denounces Hargreaves' appointment to the Encumbered Estates Commission as a Ministerial job—thereby instigating me and others against Hargreaves and the Ministers. The fact is *other* than your contributor supposes; the *fact* is not so at all. Let him in future know this; or do you, at any rate, who abhor injustice to anybody, keep it in view on occasion. My correspondent is a man of the strictest veracity and equity, and even of a pedantic scrupulosity in regard to exactness. Poor fellow, hearing my righteous indignation against Hargreaves and Co., he went silently into the matter, and two days ago surprised me (and, indeed, bored me; for I had forgotten Hargreaves, and cared and care nothing about him) with letters from barristers, verbal testimonies, &c. &c., which

I cannot for a moment refuse to take as decisive evidence that Hargreaves, probably, is a truly able man in this business, and that his appointment indisputably is *not* a job, but the best the poor men could do for the service of Ireland. 'Copy me that testimony,' I said, selecting the first read to me, 'and it shall go where right will be done upon it.' And so there you have it; and so I, at least, am quit of it, and of my indignation on this subject for ever and a day!

"We sometimes get the *Nation* on Saturday night; but the last two times your man, I think, has been too late, for it has failed. Quicken him a little; punctualise him—that might be worth while.—Adieu, T. CARLYLE."

"LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS."—IRISH ERRORS.

At the beginning of 1850 Carlyle commenced to issue the famous "Latter-Day Pamphlets." He sent me No. 1, and my acknowledgment of it brought this note:—

"CHELSEA, *13th February*, 1850.

"DEAR DUFFY,—As you seem to take an interest in the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' I have directed the publisher to send you a copy of No. 2 and the others that follow. I also gave him your admonition about speed on the Irish side of his affairs. The 'edited' is a mere figure of speech, I am

afraid. Alone under the stars, with nothing but all the dogs of the parish barking for accompaniment: this is once more like to be my history in the present ugly feat of walking against time! I should be infinitely gratified, and delivered at once from a variety of very ghastly emotions, if any true brother out of Adam's general posterity could join himself to me, and with a 'Pamphlet' in the orthodox vein; but there is nowhere that I know of any prospect or probability of such; so we must try to do without him, as in former cases. In myself I seem to see some dozen or so of Pamphlets, which, if I can get fairly uttered (a doubtful point in the state of health, state of, &c. &c., I am in), it will be an extraordinary relief to my own inner man; and the dogs of the parish, and even the parish itself, and the universe to boot, shall be right welcome to do whatever is *their* part in the concert, according to their own judgment of that.

"Pray for me, therefore, and wish me well through this adventure; I mean to speak more plainly than is usual upon a good many things. The world, I think, had better be *burnt* than stand as it at present does. God help it and us!

"The *Nation* does not yield me much that I entirely approve of, except your own articles, which run like a rivulet of light and human sense through a great continent of very turbid incanite and dim materials. Do not let that patriot abuse poor Clarendon and his cigars any more! His lordship is not a crapulous man by any means, or in any

sense: he learned to smoke in Spain, and is glad to solace himself with an innocent whiff in the middle of his troubles; really the style of that censure is canine, not by any means above the vice-regal phantasm of a government, but below it, and incapable of mending it. Also, don't rejoice over the 'Breaking up of the British Empire;' the British Empire is nothing like broken up yet, nor like to be for a thousand years to come, I may prophesy. Nor is it *dis*honourable to you to be an Englishman, but honourable, if you had even been born a Roman or Spartan, withal. Believe me—— Alas, I find this is only a *half* sheet; so must say adieu. —Yours always truly, T. CARLYLE.

"You talked of coming over 'about New Year's Day,' but have not come."

In one of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets"—the one named "Downing Street"—Carlyle, after pouring a torrent of contempt and obloquy on Parliament, whose only function in these times was to select some insignificant individual to be First Minister for a little space, suggested that the thing might be done better and decidedly cheaper by transferring the authority to the *Times* newspaper. It must have tickled the philosopher's midriff to find this mad banter taken seriously by one of his admirers, who was willing to subscribe £10 a year towards setting up a newspaper which should supersede

Parliament in the minds of all reasonable people. This was the subject of Carlyle's next letter.

A Paper to Supersede Parliament. The First Tenant-Right Movement.

"Chelsea, 27*th July*, 1850.

"Dear Duffy,—The enclosed note—otherwise a model in its way—brings me in mind of poor old Ireland, and of this time twelvemonth on the street of Stranorlar, where I saw you last. Take the note, therefore, and a transient sincere blessing from me along with it. Look at 'p. 17' (of 'Downing Street'), however, if you chance to have it within reach, and then let us lift up both our hands, and bless the anonymous Coleraine friend.

"These 'Pamphlets' are now out of my hands, thank God. The last of them is waiting for August in the printer's or publisher's hands, and that ugly piece of work, like some others, has been got into the rear. Such a universal howl of astonishment, indignation, and condemnation seldom rose around a poor man before. Voice of the 'universal dog-kennel'—Whap thap'! Bow-wow! No *human* response hitherto, or hardly any, but that also will come so far as needful, I have no doubt. Thank your *Nation* critic, however; the news of such insight on his part was really welcome.

"My poor *liver* is gone almost to destruction with all this and with the summer heats, and other fell

et ceteras; I seldom in my life felt more entirely worn down, and am now straight for the country—Glamorganshire (S. Wales), most likely, there to lie perfectly silent for some three weeks, and after that, Scotland, &c. &c., perhaps, for a good long while.

"Your 'Tenant Agitation' looms out very big on me, and I must say it wears a more business-like aspect than any of the previous 'agitations,' and, I could fancy, may give work to all the 'authorities' (on your side of the water and ours) for a generation or two to come! Yes, that is the heart of the matter, and a terrific universe of 'work' lies *there* before we get to a solution of it! *Cosa fatta ha capo*—to end one must *begin.* That is true, too. *Suaviter in modo* then, and God be with you.—Yours ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

The following is the passage from "Downing Street" referred to:—

"The notion that any Government is or can be a No-government, without the deadliest peril to all noble interests of the Commonwealth, and by degrees, slower or swifter, to all ignoble ones also, and to the very gully drainer and thief lodging-houses and Mosaic sweating establishments, and at last without destruction to such No-government itself—was never my notion, and I hope it will soon cease altogether to be the world's or to be anybody's.

But if it be the correct notion, as the world seems at present to flatter itself, I point out improvements and abbreviations. Dismiss your National Palaver; make the *Times* newspaper your national palaver, which needs no beer-barrels or hustings, and is *cheaper* in expense of money and of falsity a thousand and a million-fold. Have an economical red-tape drilling establishment (it were easier to devise such a thing than a right *modern University*), and fling out your orange-skin among the graduates, when you want a new Premier."

And here is the letter from the Coleraine correspondent:—

"COLERAINE, *July 21st.*

"DEAR SIR,—You mention an admirable project in p. 17 of your 'Downing Street.' But why should not something be done as well as said? There is small chance for such a project if it be put before the said 'Palavering Parliament.' Why not do something yourself? Say you start a paper at the beginning of next session; you write a leading article now and then, to explain the *pros* and *cons* of certain questions before the House, to explain the nature of the difficulties which it is necessary to meet, and to give statistics when necessary, and let the rest of the paper be open to any M.P., in the way you propose. If your objection to this be of a pecuniary nature, I for one would readily subscribe £10 a year until there are sufficient funds

to carry it on, and surely I should not be the only one who would give as much. You find fault with others who talk and do not act, and therefore I suppose you yourself ever ready to act in earnest! Pray forgive me also if it be very impudent of me to address you thus. I sincerely wish you well, and am anxious for the good of my country, and would do all I could to benefit any fellow-creature, and care not to have my name known. Let me repeat that, if I hear that any such plan will be adopted, I shall not be remiss in subscribing from my own funds, and in persuading those real M.P.'s with whom I am acquainted, to write instead of speaking, and in inducing the mere effigy M.P.'s to assist you with their subscriptions. — Yours sincerely."

In the year 1850 I was deeply engaged in a task, which had Carlyle's warm sympathy, the organisation of a Tenant League to secure fair rents and permanent tenure for Irish farmers. During our journey in the previous autumn I had obtained the assent of many provincial gentlemen to the scheme, which was launched as soon as the public mind had been prepared for it by the press. Carlyle watched its progress with constant interest from the date when it was first foreshadowed in the *Nation* till a career of practical action commenced.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

"SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, N.B.,
Sept. 15, 1850.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I am very glad to have a word from you again. I ran into South Wales, directly after writing to you, and then lay in the utmost attainable inaction for three weeks; after which, nearly other three weeks ago, I came over hither to my Scottish birthland, when your letter soon found me—where I have been ever since, endeavouring with all my might to keep free of every botheration (a difficult problem in this world!) and to continue doing absolutely nothing. I do not even speak, unless it cannot be helped. Amid these old scenes of infancy, which have grown so supernatural to me, peopled with mere *ghosts* and inarticulate memories, I find silent occupation enough! One is much called to sink silent, at intervals, in this Babel of a world, and let the turbid elements settle into sediment a little. Could I abolish grouse-shooting, and doom all the *wasted* classes to sit as I am now doing, for a month each year, what immeasurable quantities of manure should I precipitate out of every mind, and out of the poor world's business, by that act alone!

"The *Nation* comes to me, round by London, on Tuesdays; everything Irish has got a new impressiveness since I saw the poor old land with my eyes. Depend upon it, I have by no means

forgotten poor old Ireland, nor the people that dwell there. A strange, ragged, still beauty is in my memory of Ireland; a country bare and waste, and poor, but noble nevertheless; poor souls, how kind and patient all the people too were with me and 'never minded' my sulky humours! From no human soul in Ireland that I can bethink me of did I get one uncivil word or look. 'A kind of nobleman thrown into the poor-house (by whisky and other sins and misfortunes),' really this is in some sort the definition of poor Ireland; shall get *out* of the poor-house and cast away the sins and whiskies yet, if it please Heaven! I have told certain proud Yankees on occasion, 'Well, you have many dollars, immensities of bacon, molasses, and such like; but there never yet was a soul of you that could bring a *Coolun*[1] out of it, much less *teach Europe Christianity* in old days; be patient with poor old Ireland, I tell you!' Ireland, it is to be hoped, will learn wisdom by experience at last; learn to know a lie from the truth a little when it hears it, and no more expend its breath and hope upon 'Mullaghmast Caps,' and the like Domdaniel-ware (authentic produce of the devil, however fine it looks); Ireland will cease to be a lie to itself, and gradually become a truth; every Irishman that does not lie to himself is helping her towards that!

"You never did a wiser thing than that of exclud-

[1] A peculiarly sweet, pathetic Irish air is the "Coolun."

ing *stump-oratory* from the Tenant League; I duly noticed that fact, with good hope at the time. And on the whole, I continue to say your present 'agitation' looks more like doing work than any I have ever seen in Ireland. But the work, alas, is *immense*, and God only knows when or how it will be got done. 'Rent by a valuation' is not intrinsically so unfeasible—nay, so *unusual*—witness the old *usury laws* only abolished in these years; but it is utterly at variance with all the free-trade, *laissez-faire* and other strongest tendencies of this poor time; and though said tendencies appear to me mostly mean and wooden, and nine-tenths untrue, yet it is precisely the true tenth that rules at present. In fact, to succeed altogether, you must have a new era, no less! Nay, I cannot but perceive that 'fixity of tenure,' with such a set of tenants as you now have in Ireland, would never do, though you even could get it—that in fact, independently of all obstacles on the landlord's, parliament's, and official sides of the question, there is a total unpreparedness on the part of the population: 'more ado than a dish to wash,' as the proverb says before you attain this same new era of justice on the land question! Nevertheless, I must say always, pause not, use all your courage, all your wisdom, in continually advancing! You will do good in every way, if you advance wisely; every step you secure is a laying bare of new intolerable abuses; a bringing of the Grand Problem (in all its figures, moral, political, social, not agricultural

alone, and not Irish alone), nearer to the thoughts of the practical necessities of all men, and thus nearer to its only possibility of solution. Like other such problems, it will be solved by slow degrees (I suppose), so soon as all men feel that they cannot live without solving it — not much sooner, I doubt.

"One thing, it strikes me, will become in the course of your struggle much more apparent than it now is: The necessity of that '*regimenting* of *paupers*' in which I see clearly, and nowhere else at all, the *beginning* of new government, and the necessary advancement towards that, for the afflicted world in this epoch. Suppose every Irish 'free' tiller of the earth, so soon as he declared himself a 'free' beggar in need of Indian meal from his poor brothers, fell at once into the hands of an agricultural Sir Duncan Macgregor, and became a 'well-commanded' tiller of the soil, doing his feat as your green police do theirs; and not only relieving all men from the burden of him, but gallantly exterminating bogs, and approving himself a blessing to the earth and to all men. I leave you to compute a little what boundless relief to all interest whatsoever would lie there; free space granted to *laissez-faire*, and all extant principles of proceeding to try themselves against the fact, and run their very utmost without shackles on their feet. If they proved equal to the problem of the nineteenth century, well and good; if (as I see to be inevitable) they proved unequal, at least they

(what was good in them) would be able to last longer, and to see their successors *ready* before departing hence. These things, I fancy, will gradually come athwart you there and so many others of the like genus, either in this or some other form of the 'Tenant Agitation;' and whatsoever real *work* you do in that is done for behalf of these also, which lie so far away from the general thoughts at present, but will become, if I mistake not, very familiar to it by-and-by!

"Lucas, I do believe, is capital in his present place. Give him my compliments and true good wishes for that and all other real service to Ireland that may lie in him. When he took to Catholicism first (which seemed to me so distracted an operation), and I heard what he had to say about Irish tenants and landlords, I could not help recognising the finger of Heaven in his change of religion.

"No Irish 'list of good members,' nor indeed of English, has fallen in my way. They are a dreadfully scarce commodity, I imagine. Nevertheless you must seek for them, as for the vital air of your undertaking. The more honestly you seek, the better is your chance both of finding what is, and of calling forth a set far worthier to be found, in time coming. And so, good speed to you, in this and in all other honourable courses; and adieu for the present. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Callan.—Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

This was the era of Cardinal Wiseman's arrival in England and the clamour about Papal aggression. I confidently counted on seeing Carlyle vehement against the insensate outcry of ignorance and bigotry, but the old Covenanter, who lay beneath all his latter-day philosophy, awoke. We in Ireland were warned to take no offence, and were not, he conceived, in the least manner aimed at in the business, but when Parliament met we got a full share of the tempest.

"CHELSEA, *December* 2, 1850.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Will you send me the exact *name* and address of Shine Lalor—is he not John, or something else beside Shine? As to the address, I suppose Killarney itself will do, if he is still resident in his castle thereabouts. *Item:* the Christian name of Dr. Cane, Kilkenny. I am to send (as you perhaps guess) a certain volume to each of the gentlemen, by way of testifying, in a most imperfect manner, what a remembrance I have of them. *Ay de mi!*

"You seem to make rapid way with your Tenant Association; indeed, I see clearly that is the direct road into the centre of the abyss; *facilis descensus Averni*, if you will take the metaphor in good part, for surely if the world's cloaca *have* any bottom, I do clearly perceive it lies there.

"Our poor old friend the Pope has committed a sad blunder in sending his pasteboard cardinals with their Bull thunder over to us just now! All

men think it an impertinence and futile infatuation on the part of the old gentleman; and among the general mass of the English people there is such an uproar as I have not seen for twenty years past, of which I cannot say, for my own part, that I altogether disapprove. The Pope may depend upon it, we will by no means come back to *him;* never through all eternity, to him! We may find worse fellows, too (nay, I expect far worse). For the rest, I warn you in any case to take no offence against us, you in Ireland, for we do not in the least mean you! That is truth, and I am very glad to see the *Nation* teaching that, and hope you will all along keep it well in mind.

"The *Nation*, in point of real talent (bating perhaps a little worldly wisdom, and *savoir faire*, which is not quite its forte), seems to me the cleverest weekly paper I read. Really on Saturday nights there is none of them that (spite of the exotic colour) has so much the ring of the real metal in it. Go on and prosper! I have had some difficulty to defend you, to myself and others, for voting against the 'Godless colleges.' Beware of that; look on both sides of that! What if this that poor, dark, angry menials now call 'Godless colleges' were actually the beginning of the real *religion* of the future for Ireland, and for us all destined to live, and rise ever higher *heavenward* (I grant on occasion); but we are travelling, these three centuries now, quite in the opposite direction, and have not, I think (for all our bleeding feet and bad weather),

the smallest vestige of a notion to turn back! In brief, it will not surprise me at all if, when the Parliament meets, a law (after infinite jargon) is passed to send Wiseman & Co. about their business again, and prohibit any British subject henceforth from importing ware of that kind into this country. The beautiful 'principles of toleration'—in which I myself do not believe a jot—will receive some illustration in this business; and to me, sure enough (if I could have patience with the vile temporary dust), this beating of humbug against humbug is the destruction of nonsense to such and such extent, and ought to be regarded as a gain. Heaven love you always, dear Duffy. I meant only to write a word, and you see!—Yours always, T. CARLYLE."

The reference to the "Godless colleges" had this meaning. When the scheme of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland was proposed by Sir Robert Peel, the Catholic bishops were divided upon the question of accepting or rejecting them. A majority of the bishops were prepared to accept and support them on condition that certain not unreasonable amendments were made for the better protection of the faith and morals of students. The amendments were refused, and a Synod of the Catholic Church of Ireland declared that the institutions as they stood were dangerous to faith and morals. Under these circumstances, I advised that Catholic pupils should not be sent to these colleges till the necessary reforms were conceded.

JOHN STUART MILL.

In 1851 the Council of the Tenant League determined to invite John Mill to represent an Irish county, that he might advocate in Parliament the principles of land tenure taught in his Political Economy. Mr. Lucas and I were authorised to communicate with him on the subject. Lucas was not able to go to London at the time, and as it was necessary I should see Mr. Mill at once, I asked Mr. Carlyle to introduce me. He complied promptly. He could do this much without scruple, he said, but I must understand that Mill and he had ceased to see much of each other in later times, as, in fact, they had nothing at all in common. Mill had one faculty in great perfection, he possessed the power of setting forth his opinions with a lucidity which no one in England could match. What he aimed to make you see you saw as plainly as a conspicuous object set in the sunshine. But he had the habit of approaching everything by the way of logical analysis, and when he brought that method to bear upon a question he got out of it nearly all it could yield him. There were probably quite other qualities in it, not at all to be detected by logical analysis, and altogether unsuspected by him. Of the true relations of things in the universe, Mill had small insight or none. He was inclined to scream and shriek about matters of no real importance, and to believe in unrealities of various sorts.

After pausing a little for anything I might have to say, he proceeded: At one time we saw a good deal of Mill. In the Reform Bill era he was an innocent young creature, with rich auburn hair and gentle pathetic expression, beautiful to contemplate; but a domestic embroilment drove him to adopt a secluded monastic sort of life, in which people saw little of him but the work he did. His life had been wrecked by a Platonic, and quite innocent, affection for a married lady, who had since become his wife, concerning whom he had got possessed by an idea, or, indeed, a series of ideas, which were altogether absurd and insupportable. He regarded her as the paragon of womankind, which she was not by long odds; far otherwise than a paragon, one might safely say. She was the daughter of a Radical doctor, who married her to Taylor, a Radical and Socinian, an honest, simple sort of man, who had no doubt that the ideas which prevailed among this class of persons afforded a sufficient solution for all the hard problems of life. W. J. Fox, who had a chapel in Finsbury, where he patronised Peter and Paul as ignorant but well-intentioned persons, and delivered prayers which some one described as the most eloquent prayers that ever were addressed to (*mimicking and laughing*) a British audience! Fox had probably the Taylors among his congregation; at any rate, he came to know that Mrs. Taylor, a vivacious little body, found her life among the Socinians wearisome, and he told her that John Mill was the

man among the human race to relieve in a competent manner her dubieties and difficulties. He brought Mill to see her; and Mill, who had probably never before looked into a woman's face, was spell-bound. She was a shrewd woman, with a taste for coquetry, and she took possession of Mill and wrapped him up like a cocoon. He used to go to her in all his trouble to be comforted, and in all his difficulties to be guided, and probably to be flattered a little besides.

From that time all Mill's enjoyments in life centred in her. Taylor remonstrated with her on the extent to which the intimacy was carried; but she told him he might blow up the house if it seemed good to him, but she could not, under any circumstances, give up this friendship, as she would probably call it. There were children to be considered, and he thought he had better endure the thing than make a clamour and a catastrophe. . . . The elder Mill, John's father, James Mill, was a skilful and experienced man; while he was editor of a newspaper in London he wrote a history of British India, remarkable for its curious acquaintance with the laws and customs of the natives. It was a book still worth reading. John, when he began writing, used to produce long-sounding essays on human affairs, very clear in style and expression, and with bits of knowledge too, even considerable bits at times, but, on the whole, not meaning much. Old Sterling, the thunderer, used to say there was a good deal of sawdust in them.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said Mrs. Mill was not the pink of womankind as her husband conceived, but a peculiarly affected and empty body. She was not easy unless she startled you with unexpected sayings. If she was going to utter something kind and affectionate, she spoke in a hard, stern voice. If she wanted to be alarming or uncivil, she employed the most honeyed and affectionate tones. "Come down and see us," she said one day (*mimicking her tone*), "you will be charmed with our house, it is so full of rats." "Rats!" cried Carlyle. "Do you regard *them* as an attraction?" "Yes" (*piano*), "they are such dear, innocent creatures."

Mrs. Carlyle at the same time told me the story now sufficiently known of how the first volume of the "French Revolution" got burnt. When Mill suddenly appeared at Cheyne Row to announce the misfortune, he looked so like the ghost of Hamlet's father, that she knew some catastrophe must have occurred, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Gracious Providence, he has gone off with Mrs. Taylor!" but happily the misfortune proved to be a more remediable one.[1]

[1] Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson, written shortly after the occurrence, gives an account of this misfortune. The reader is invited to note how placidly a great trouble is borne by a man who was impatient of little ones, and that he does not even name the "kind but careless friend" who had brought the disaster on him.

"Since I wrote last to you, there has a great mischance befallen me: the saddest, I think, of the kind called Accidents I ever had to front. By dint of continual endeavour for many weary weeks, I

Carlyle went on to say that when he came down to London, his intimacy with Mill was for a considerable time close and regular. The Sabbath bells were not more certain than Mill's friendly visit to Cheyne Row. He could not account for this intimacy suddenly ending; neither had altered in fundamentals, nor were they further from agreeing than they had always been.

I suggested that if Mill had heard his estimate of Mrs. Taylor, there need be no difficulty in accounting for the change.

had got the first volume of that miserable 'French Revolution' rather handsomely finished; from amid infinite contradictions I felt as if my head were fairly above water, and I could go on writing my poor book, defying the devil and the world, with a certain degree of assurance, and even of joy. A friend borrowed this volume of manuscript,—a kind friend, but a careless one,—to write notes on it, which he was well qualified to do. One evening, about two months ago, he came in on us, 'distraction (literally) in his aspect;' the manuscript, left carelessly out, had been torn up as waste paper, and all but three or four tatters was clean gone! I could not complain, or the poor man seemed as if he would have shot himself; we had to gather ourselves together, and show a smooth front to it, which happily, though difficult, was not impossible to do. I began again, at the beginning, to such a wretched paralysing torpedo of a task as my hand never found to do, at which I have worn myself these two months to the hue of saffron, to the humour of incipient desperation; and now, four days ago, perceiving well that I was like a man swimming in an element that grew ever rarer, till at last it became vacuum (think of that!), I, with a new effort of self-denial, sealed up all the paper fragments, and said to myself: 'In this mood thou makest *no* way, writest *nothing* that requires not to be erased again; lay it by for one complete week!' And so it lies, under lock and key. I have digested the whole misery; I say, if thou canst *never* write this thing, why then never do write it: God's universe will go along *better* without it."

Mr. Carlyle and I called on Mr. Mill, who states in his autobiography the decision he came to on the proposal from Ireland.[1] I knew Mr. Mill from that time till his death, and regarded him as one of the most just, upright, and valiant of men.

The Encumbered Estates Act threw a great deal of the land of Ireland into the market at this time at prices unexpectedly low; I thought a national effort ought to be made to enable the occupying tenants to purchase these estates, and I framed a plan of a Small Proprietors' Society for this purpose, which had the good fortune to secure the sympathy and approval of Cobden, Bright, and Mill, and some of the best men in Ireland. It is to the prospectus of this society Carlyle's next letter refers.

"CHELSEA, *April* 26, 1851.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I think your prospectus perfect; it has colour enough left; all you have taken out of it is the angry controversial smoke, whatever

[1] "In this summary of my untoward life, I have now arrived at the period at which my tranquil and retired existence as a writer of books was to be exchanged for the less congenial occupation of a member of the House of Commons. The proposal made to me early in 1865 by some electors in Westminster, did not present the idea to me for the first time. It was not even the first offer I had received, for, more than ten years previous, in consequence of my opinions on the Irish Land Question, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Duffy, in the name of the popular party in Ireland, offered to bring me into Parliament for an Irish county, which they could easily have done; but the incompatibility of a seat in Parliament with the office I then held in the India House, precluded even consideration of the proposal."—*Autobiography of John Stuart Mill.*

could obstruct the clearness, which is here perfect, that of an object seen by sunlight under the general azure of the sky. Few things can seem more creditable; certainly nothing at all in any best Irish programme we have lately seen. In reading, I almost feel a kind of desire to invest money in the scheme myself—if I had any money worth investing!

"At page 22 you speak of draining and improving (to the extent of main drains and roads) the estates you purchase, which, undoubtedly, is very proper so far, before allotting them: but you will have to specify the limits of that a little more, I suppose. The statement at this point of the prospectus startled my attention as a new circumstance; perhaps some warning of it could be introduced about page 10 with advantage? Indeed, I do not quite know about those 'quarter shares,' whether to vote for them or not; nor, in fact, about any detail of the plan is my vote good for much. I used to believe immensely in small farms; and certainly the best people of the labouring class I have ever seen lived in that manner; but there goes much more than a small farm to such a result; and failures enough (in an ever-increasing proportion) have become manifest to me withal. Brief 'he who is a free man' will do rather well in small culture, which is his true position if he is poor; well in small culture or in big; but he who is 'not free,' again, whom nature has made a fool and a slave (*i.e.*, *too* foolish and too slavish for his difficult position), he will never do

well, unless, perhaps, if well *ordered* and compelled; and it is a pity to put any portion of our poor old Mother's surface under the control of such a one, if we could help it. *Democracy*, here as elsewhere, I clearly see, is not possible; but, on the other hand, your 'aristocracy'—Good Heavens! So you must even do your best according to the day and hour. Surely, by this method, you may hope to push out the finest of your Irish peasantry, these *likeliest* to be able to live as 'free men' under our terrible pressures; and for every one of these you can retain within the four seas gods and men will be obliged to you! The others they had better go to America, or even to final chaos, than live as they have long been doing: I deliberately say so. But they are not, I believe, going either of these roads just yet; they are pouring over into Scotland and England (Watt's steam engine is worth a million of O'Connells and stump-orator 'Liberators!'), and are fast making us all into one uniform mess of pottage, which I cannot but admit is fair to the Three Kingdoms and her sacred Majesty and Co.! Oh, Heaven! one tries to laugh at the things (in this poor epoch), and they are terrible and sacred as the baring of the Lord's right hand upon Iniquity and Quackery and Doggery too long continued.

"Did you ever read a small octavo volume, almost 150 years old (London, 1703, I think), called 'Fletcher of Saltoun's Works'? I recommend it to you for a couple of evenings. A proud Scotch

gentleman, a noble Scotchman, he will show you an advocacy of 'Repeal' conducted not *à la* stump-orator, and yet not destined or deserving to succeed at all on those terms, also a Scotland not so unlike your present Ireland; on the whole a variety of rather curious things, and the soul of a right gallant man for one, and will repay perusal well, I promise you.

"Your lady-critic is getting very wild upon Leigh Hunt, woman, &c. &c. Beautiful alcoholic steam too; but it requires to be resolutely cooled, rectified, and condensed, if we are ever to swallow it with satisfaction.—Adieu, yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

I may mention that this scheme came to nothing, because it had the misfortune to include among its directors John Sadlier, M.P., who made his final exit from the world on Hampstead Heath, in circumstances familiar to the reader. He was chairman of a bank in England, and of another in Ireland, and an attorney dealing with real property on a prodigious scale, and was supposed to be a buttress to the society. When we were about to commence operations, however, he wished to transfer our account to the two banks with which he was connected, from the Bank of Ireland announced in the prospectus, and to sell to the society half-a-dozen estates which he had on hand, remnants, I fancied, of purchases which had not proved successful. As projector of the society, answer-

able to the country for its character and probity, I positively refused my consent. The majority of the directors, however, were disposed to support the man with great reputation for practical ability, and who carried the proxies of several capitalists ready to support our scheme. Thereupon I publicly retired, specifying the need which had arisen for doing so, and the society gradually dwindled away and came to nothing.

Among the friends whom I introduced to Carlyle during the Irish visit was Dr. Murray, Senior Professor of Theology in Maynooth College. He was a man of vigorous intellect and many accomplishments, peculiarly familiar with the English classics, and master of a style which has been rarely excelled for poignancy and lucidity. He wished to become an Edinburgh Reviewer. I asked Carlyle to aid him, which he did promptly and cordially. Here is his letter on the subject:—

"CHELSEA, *January* 30, 1852.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I will cheerfully do all I can for Dr. Murray; and indeed have already as good as done so, of which I hope to communicate to you the issue in a day or two. I have described Dr. Murray and his project to the editor in question this morning, and put the question to him: *Will* you deliberately read his paper if he send one? By this means, taking part of the risk upon myself, I think the problem may perhaps be a little *abridged*, and the risk of the other parties less.

You shall hear at once what answer there is; till then, keep silence, please. My conviction is that any deliberate essay of Dr. Murray's would decidedly deserve the trouble of *reading* by an editor; and doubtless I could *so* have managed it in general, and perhaps with this entangled blue and yellow in particular; but, as I said, it will be surer, and may probably be briefer, to proceed as now.

"Can you send me, one of these days, Dr. Kennedy's address—the doctor of whom I saw so much in Dublin, who is *Pitt* Kennedy's brother, and who lives somewhere in the southern outskirts, I think—a well-known man? No haste about it, only don't quite forget.

"I am truly sorry to hear that your land scheme has come to ruin in so provoking and paltry a way. There can *nothing* be done, then, for the poor Irish people at present! Nothing by express enactment or arrangement; but they must follow the *dumb* law of their positions, and sink, sink, till they do come upon rock! I rather judge so; nothing considerable, either for them or for any people or object whatsoever; all objects having got so frightfully enigmatic (hideous and *unintelligible*, as the old official *masks* drop off them), and our chief interpreter of enigmatic realities being Lord John at this moment—an interpreter that probably defies the world for his fellow, if we consider where he is and when he is! Well, there is no help; we must all get down to the

rocks; we are in a place equivalent to *Hell* (for every true soul and interest) till we do get thither; there, and there only, on the eternal basis, can there be any 'heaven' and land of promise for the sons of Adam (sons of Hudson, millionaire and penniless alike, I exclude). Thither *must* we, as God live—and God knows many of us will have a good bit to go before we arrive there, and will need considerable thrashing and tossing before the chaff be well beaten off us, I guess. It is the dismallest epoch, and yet one of the grandest—like a putrid Golgotha with immortality beyond it; I do verily believe (in figurative language) comparable to 'resurrection from the dead.' It is in such way I look at it, in silence generally, and welcome even a Brummagem Cromwell of the French as a clear step forward. Five-and-thirty years of Parliamentary stump oratory, all ending in less than nothing; now let us try drill-sergeantry a little even under these sad terms! I find the talk of France to be, and to have been, much madder than even their silence is like to be. God is great.

"You are dreadfully unjust to what you call 'England' in almost all you say about Ireland, and in general your interpretation of the former hated entity is altogether mistaken, too often (I swear to you) at once lamentable and absurd! I forgive it, as before, but pray always it might alter. There seems to me no possibility of profit in that direction. I had a letter from a brother

of Mitchel the other day, who dates Washington, an inquiring, struggling, ingenuous, and ambitious kind of nature, to whom, for John's sake, I made some reply. Adieu, I hope only for a few days.—Yours always, T. CARLYLE."

Dr. Murray contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for a brief period, during the editorship of Mr. Empson. When Cornewall Lewis succeeded him in the editorial chair, he made objection to something in an article submitted to him, and Dr. Murray seized the occasion to retire altogether. In a note on the subject to me, he said—

"A strong religious scruple got into my head about being connected with the *Edinburgh Review*. Though professedly a literary and political journal, yet, of late years especially, it had become rather theological—the theology being, of course, of a very bad stamp. It occurred to me that there was an impropriety in my contributing to such a periodical. I reasoned myself out of this—still I felt very uncomfortable, though keeping my uneasiness all to myself. There were four articles out of nine in the January number, and two in the last number, more or less of this character. Lewis's note took a heavy weight off my mind."

DISRAELI.

At the General Election of 1852, I came into Parliament, beating the Chief Secretary, who had been most active in prosecuting me and my friends in '48, and attended a winter session towards the close of that year. I visited Cheyne Row whenever it was practicable, and on Sunday afternoon had generally a walk with Carlyle in some of the parks. When he was not disposed to walk he had chairs brought to the grass plot behind his house, and tranquilly smoked a long clay pipe, with a friend or two sitting or standing beside him, to whom he talked at intervals. Later, when the Derby Government fell, we spoke of the event. I said, though I had voted against them, I could not help having a certain sympathy with Disraeli for the indomitable pluck with which he faced his enemies at the head of a party which distrusted him only a little less than the honourable gentlemen opposite. The Peelites seemed to hate him with a preternatural animosity, but I had never heard that he had done anything cruel or cowardly against them or any one else. He was a political gladiator, no doubt, as Bolingbroke and Canning had been before him, but it was idle to complain that he struck deft blows at his opponents; that was his vocation.

A base vocation, Carlyle exclaimed. The case was not a perplexing one at all, it seemed to him.

A cunning Jew got a parcel of people to believe in him, though no man of the smallest penetration could have any doubt that he was an impostor, with no sort of purpose in all he was doing but to serve his own interests. He was a man from whom no good need be expected, a typical Jew, ostentatious, intrinsically servile, but stiffnecked in his designs.

Jus diabolo detur, I interposed. Let it be remembered that he exhibited a generous courage on behalf of his race, in face of the fierce hostility of the party which he led. He was true, at any rate, to the interest and honour of his own people, which counterbalanced a multitude of sins; and I had a personal satisfaction in seeing a race, who were persecuted for a crime committed centuries and centuries before they were born, reassert themselves.

They were, he said, paying for sins of their own, as well as of their ancestors. They were an impotent race, who had never distinguished themselves in their entire history by any estimable quality. Some of them clambered to what they called prosperity, but, arrayed in the showiest garniture, there was always an odour of old clo' about them. They made great quantities of money up and down, and glorified the speculator who made most as the most venerable of mortals. When of old any man appeared among them who had something to tell worth their attention, one knew how such a one was received by the Israelites, and their vices of character were intractable.

In London I saw Carlyle under a new aspect. Among friends he was still simple and genial; but he was much run after by inquisitive Americans, who got brief glimpses of him from time to time, and as they wanted for the most part to interview him, he got into the habit of uttering, almost as soon as his visitors had settled down, the sort of harangue on some great topic which they expected from him. At times his friends had to listen to long discourses, which were only an expansion of opinions they had become familiar with in conversation. When he delivered himself of one of these set speeches his conversational manner disappeared, and his language came forth like a douche-bath, in a strong, unbroken stream, while, like the Ancient Mariner, he fixed the spectator with his glittering eye. This foaming torrent was as unlike the ripple of his familiar talk as Niagara to a trout stream. To arrest it was nearly impossible, and he was impatient of interruption, even by way of assent, much more of dissent. The reader will probably like a specimen of this method, and here is one addressed to some Irish Americans:—

AN HARANGUE.

"Irishmen might be assured there was no one in England wished ill to Ireland, as they had come to imagine. Quite the contrary, good men on all sides would applaud and assist any practical method for

her relief. If he were given the task of lifting Ireland out of her misery, he would take counsel on all sides with men of practical knowledge on the best means of setting the people to work. He would ask such assistance from Parliament as might be necessary, and then carry out his scheme with unabating stringency. Whoever would not work must starve. He would begin with the workhouses, where men had delivered themselves up as bond slaves to society, by the confession that they could not exist by their own labour; and at the outset he would organise *them*. By-and-by he would transfer his workers to the Bog of Allan, or elsewhere, and bring them into contact with work to be done. Organisation was the essential basis of success, and he believed every trade must finally get itself organised as much as it could, even the trade of authorship, so that each man would be put to the work he was fittest to do, and not left wasting his strength and spirit in a totally useless direction. If a wise scheme like this were opposed—as, indeed, it was sure to be—one might rely on the sense of the community for maintaining it. If the Ministry of the day set themselves against it, men of sense would say to them, Get out of that, you ugly and foolish windbags: do you think the Eternal God of Nature will suffer *you* to stand in the way of His work? If you cannot open your eyes and see that this is a thing that must be done, you had better betake yourselves elsewhere—to the lowest Gehenna were fittest—there is no place for you in a world

which is ruled, in the long run, by fact and not by chimera. This is the course which ought to be taken. Men of sense might get the thing done, but men of no sense not at all. In democracy there was no help. Universal suffrage might be worth taking, and then men of sense would discover the limited use of it. For his part, if he could consult his horses, he would certainly ask them whether they preferred oats or vetches, quite sure they were the best judges on *that* point; but if they presumed to question the propriety of the road he was travelling, he would say, 'No, my worthy quadrupeds, it is not to London I am going, but in quite another direction. I am going to Greenwich, for reasons too tedious to mention, and so let us set out without more delay.' The notion of settling any question by counting blockheads, or referring it to the decision of a multitude of fools, was altogether futile. The wise man must ponder on the right path in the silence of his own heart, and when found take it, though the whole multitude brayed at him with its many heads, which most probably they would—for a time."

John Forster, who was present on one of these occasions, as soon as Carlyle paused, took the opportunity to assure me that there was no dislike of Irishmen in England, and no assumption of superiority.

Carlyle said, if there was dislike, it arose from the way Irishmen conducted themselves in England.

They often entitled themselves to disfavour by their private performances. Irishmen who knew better must teach these persons to live quite differently, and they ought not to feel the slightest necessity for championing blackguards because they happened to be Irishmen. The curse and destruction of Ireland was her putting up silently—even contentedly, it would seem—with lies and falsities, and making heroes of manifest liars. Till this practice ended her case was hopeless.

After an harangue there was generally a conversation on the subject of it. On such an occasion, Carlyle listened patiently to dissent, and justified or illustrated his opinions calmly. The Scottish peasantry, he said, were gifted with silent intrepidity and valour. Their constant submission to the Divine Will, and their strict veracity, were qualities which it would behove Irish peasants to imitate, for, to say the truth, he had not found these qualities plentiful among them, nor the plain speaking which comes of honest thinking.

I replied that he had never seen an Irish peasant in his natural condition, he had only seen a population resembling a famished crew just escaped from a shipwreck; the Irish peasantry were intrinsically pious, generous, and veracious. The shiftiness and evasion which they sometimes exhibited in the witness-box were the devices of a people harassed by cruel laws and harsh masters. They evaded, but they would not violate, the sanctity of an oath. I remembered reading, when a boy, the story of a

peasant put into the witness-box to give evidence against his own son, which clung to my memory. The son was charged with stealing a sheep at a famine period, and his father, a venerable and pious old man, must, it was supposed, have seen the transaction, which at that time was a capital offence. "Did you awaken," he was asked, "on the night of Easter Eve after midnight?" "Yis, sir, I did." "What did you see in the cottage at that time?" "God help me! I saw my boy with a sheep between his hands; but oh! your Honour, it was for me and the little Michael who were starving that he took it." The old man broke down, and the prisoner in the dock said something to him in a low voice in Irish. The judge asked to have it translated. "Courage, father, may the Saviour protect you and all of us; you only do what is right, to tell the truth." This was the Irish peasant in his natural condition.

Carlyle said the stories current of them by writers of their own country gave the impression of an idle, reckless race, with a levity which was not agreeable, but painful, to contemplate.

I replied that one might as well judge England from the stories of Tim Bobbin, as Ireland from the stories of Maxwell or Lever. Some of the most significant maxims I could recall were Irish sayings, which I heard from my mother when I was a boy, and Irish legends revealing the deep sagacity which lay at the bottom of the national character. Here was one: In a dear summer, as

the famine periods were called in Ireland, a small farmer was induced by his wife to send out his father to beg. The old man was equipped with a bag, a staff, and half a double blanket, which the frugal housewife prepared for him. After he was gone, she inquired for the moiety of the blanket to make sure he had not carried it off. When the house was ransacked in vain, the father thought of asking his little son if he had seen it. "Yis, father," the boy replied, "I have put it by till the time comes when I'll want it." "What will you want with it, Owen *agrah?*" inquired the father. "Why, father," replied the boy, "you see, when I grow up to be a big man, and I'll be sending you out to beg, I'll want it to put on your back."

Carlyle said it was a homely apologue intended no doubt to illustrate the force of example; we might safely assume that the old man was recalled from his begging expedition and put in the most comfortable corner of the cabin after that transaction.

Yes, I rejoined, and he must remember it was the apologue of an Irish peasant; *quod erat demonstrandum.*

MRS. CARLYLE.

Part Fourth.

THERE were few letters for the next three years except brief invitations or rendezvouses, as I lived much in London, to attend Parliament, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle habitually. Her appearance at that time was peculiarly interesting. Her face was colourless but most expressive, answering promptly to every emotion; her eyes were frank and pleasant, and her smile, which was gracious, passed easily into banter or mockery. Ill-health repressed the activity of her body, but not of her spirit, which was as vivacious as of old.

There is one letter of this era worth printing as an illustration of Carlyle's thoughtful kindness for his friends, a disposition wholly incompatible with the character prejudiced gossips have come to attribute to him in recent times.

"CHELSEA, *February* 6, 1853.

"DEAR DUFFY,—You never came to see me again, which was not well done altogether; but I am not writing of that at present. The time approaches when you will return, and then probably we may do better.

"I remember hearing you speak, when here, about shelves for your books in your Pimlico lodging. Now, it strikes me I have, lying in this garret, and of no use to anybody but the moths, a portion of my own old book-case, complete all but the nails; a couple of *standard* sides—namely, and perhaps six or seven shelves of four or five feet long; a thing which any carpenter with sixpence worth of nails can knock together for you in an hour or two; which might hold 150 or 200 volumes; and which it would be a small but real comfort for me to know doing service for some friendly Christian in this manner! Pray think of it, if you still want such a thing; and pray determine to have it. It is lying here, safe though dusty in the garret, tied together with ropes; and can be brought to you in a barrow; and will be proud to assist in your Parliamentary career; and when that is ended, or changed, will cheerfully serve as firewood, and make itself generally useful! There is another couple of 'standards' here; but before I saved them for such a purpose, the headlong joiner had cut up the shelves of these. . . . So stands it; and will stand for you. In the name of the Prophet!

"Some one of your clerks is falling asleep at his post, I think. The *Nation*, which did not fail once in seven weeks to reach London on Saturday night, now (this good while) does not, above once in seven weeks, come till Monday morning—often not till Monday at eleven o'clock (which latter

mistake I know is not yours); whereby, of course, my use of it, and much more important uses it has to serve in London, is much obstructed. A thing that should be remedied if it easily can.

"One 'Thomas Muloch, Dublin,' sends me an acrid little pamphlet the other morning, solemnly denouncing and damning to the Pit, really in a rather sincere and devout manner, '*both* the Irish Churches' (Protestant and Catholic), in the name of Jesus, and of *any* instalment of salvation to Ireland, of which native country he is a passionate lover. I fear the poor man is maddish. But I have thought a thousand times, since seeing Ireland, to much the same effect, in the name of still higher entities and considerations—though virtuously holding my peace on the subject. The 'Churches' alas, alas! Of all preachers and prophets and divine men wanted in Ireland (and in England, and Scotland, and all the other wretched lands, where hypocritical palaver reigns and rules and makes the world fetid and accursed) is the 'Divine Drill-Serjeant' (as I often say) who, with steel whips or by whatever method, would teach poor canting slaves to *do* a little of the things they eloquently say (and even *know*) everywhere, and leave *un*done. Poor Muloch! Really *is* there any such *totally* accursed *sin* as that (with no redeeming side *at all*): or even such general, nay universal one, in this illustrious thrice-hopeful epoch of Free Press, Emancipation, Toleration, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the rest of it?

"Adieu, dear Duffy; you need not write about that sublime question of the deal shelves, only send for them if fit to be accepted. I have been all this winter, if not idle, terribly abstracted, terribly unsuccessful in regard to getting any work done! That really is the one thing 'terrible' in this universe.—Yours, ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

He took at first but limited notice of Parliamentary men or affairs, but I brought Mrs. Carlyle and her friend, Miss Jewsbury, to luncheon at the House of Commons, where she met some old friends, and her lively fancy played about the subject so habitually afterwards that Carlyle was incited to take a little interest in it. He asked my opinion from time to time of the notable men in the Parliament of 1852, and uttered trenchant comments on them, but he knew little or nothing personally of the men in question, and on reading the notes I find them hardly worth publishing.

As session followed session I got more engrossed in Parliamentary work, and less able to visit Chelsea as of old. The work was sometimes so engrossing as to exclude all other occupation. I served on a Select Committee on the Irish Land Question at that time, of which Lord Palmerston, Bright, Sergeant Shee, Lucas, and other notable men were members, and I frequently attended its sittings at noon, and did not escape from the House of Commons until after midnight, a life altogether

incompatible with social engagements. Finally, my health failed, and I had to take a holiday, during which a letter from Carlyle reached me.

"CHELSEA, *June* 22, 1854.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I have called repeatedly at your place, but without any definite answer, till Sunday last, when the little girl informed me you were 'not to come back this season!' 'Back' *from* Dublin or where, she could not say; nor, indeed, give any other response at all, except as to the negative fact, which has occasioned various confused reflections in me ever since. Once, in the *Nation*, I noticed the address of *Malvern* on one of your papers; and a little while before, I had seen with concern that some near relative had been taken from you by death. Pray, on all accounts, write me immediately a single word, wherever you may be (at Malvern still, as I could guess), to put an end to the freaks of imagination at least. Something evidently is wrong, or else I should have seen you long ago; how much may be wrong, it is better to know than to keep guessing, in the morbid humour one gets into. Alas! calamities abound, and sorrows of a harsh nature and also of a soft; and there is no want of burdens for the poor pilgrim in this world—who often gets foot-sore too, not so able to struggle along with his load. I am afraid you are not yourself in good health, in addition to all, but

may have gone to Malvern, where indeed the fresh hill breezes may do you good, though the medical 'sheetings,' &c., not very much.

"I am myself in rather poor case this long while; decidedly below par in bodily health, and with a very fair proportion of other things to keep my spirits from rising above their due level! My work, too, which ought to be the consolation for all sorrows, and is really the only conquest one can make in this world, sticks obstinately in the slough, these many long months, let me try and wriggle as I will: in fact, it is the most ungainly job I ever had; and *fire* enough to burn up such a mass of sordid litter, and extract the thread of gold out of it (if there be any in it), is actually not at my disposal in my present mood. Let us hope, let us hope, nevertheless! National Palaver and its affairs are without interest to me altogether of late; and, in fact, lie below the horizon as a thing I have no interest in. Crystal Palace, Turk War, Policy of Lord John, do., do. Not an *ideal* heroic world this; no, not by any means!— Yours ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

TALK WITH THACKERAY.

During succeeding sessions I saw more of Carlyle, but had no leisure for notes; one pleasant day, however, I find fully recorded in my diary:—

July 28 [1855]. *Il Vero Tomaso* brought me to-day to see Thackeray. He is a large, robust,

fresh-looking man, with hair turning grey. The expression of his face disappointed me; the damaged nose and bad teeth mar its otherwise benign effect, and were imperfectly relieved by a smile which was warm but hardly genial. He is near-sighted, and said, "he must put on his glasses to have a good look at me." He told me he had met some of my friends in America, and liked them. John Dillon was a modest fellow, and Meagher pleased him by laughing at the popular ovations offered to him. They both said whatever they thought, frankly; rather a surprise to him, as in Ireland he had only met three men who spoke the truth; but then, he added, smiling, he had not made the acquaintance of the Young Irelanders. I asked him if one might inquire the names of these three exceptional Irishmen. That would not be fair, he replied, to the remainder of his acquaintances; but he did not mind saying that Deasy was one of them [Rickard Deasy, then an Irish member, afterwards Attorney-General, and finally Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland]. He spoke of his intended lectures on the House of Hanover, and said he sometimes pondered the question whether every soul of these people he had to speak of was not d——d in the end. The Marquis of Hertford receiving London society in an attitude seen elsewhere only in hospitals, surrounded by smiling crowds, who ate his dinners and congratulated him on his good looks, was a story from which he shrunk, which could be told indeed nakedly only by Swift.

I asked him about the Lindsay-Layard agitation, in which he had recently taken some part. He said they had ruined an excellent cause amongst them. Lindsay had made some remarkable statements certainly, but unhappily they did not bear investigation. Sir Charles Wood made pie of them. Layard was a good, simple soul, altogether unfit for the task he took in hand; he set himself to overthrow the aristocratic scheme of patronage, and quite recently complained to him that the aristocracy had ceased to ask him to dinner! The constitutional system was getting frightfully damaged in England, and we could not count on a long life for it in its present relations. I asked him how we were to get on in Ireland, where we had only the seamy side of the constitution? He said he had never doubted our right to rebel against it, if we had only made sure of success; but in the name of social tranquillity and common sense, he denied the legitimacy of unsuccessful rebellion.

I rejoined that it was no more possible to make sure beforehand that you were going to win in an insurrection than in a game of roulette. You had to take your chance in both cases. So far as my reading carried me, I found that a successful rebellion was often preceded by an unsuccessful one, which had the same identical provocation and justification as its more fortunate successor. I spoke rapidly of the Irish famine, the exportation of the natural food of the people to pay inordinate rents,

the hopeless feebleness and fatuity of Lord John Russell's government, and the horrors of Skull and Skibereen, and I asked him to tell me, if he were an Irishman, what he would have done under the circumstances? He paused a moment, and replied: "I would perhaps have done as you did."

We afterwards walked out together towards Hyde Park. We met an Italian image boy who had a bust of Louis Napoleon among the figures he carried on his head. Thackeray took off his hat and saluted it, half, but only half, mockingly, and murmured something about a man who understood his business and mastered the art of government. I said Carlyle's theory of governing by the best man would be very satisfactory if we could always contrive to catch the best man, but I objected under any pretence to be governed by the worst, however carefully he had studied the art.

We had been talking a little before of Prince Albert's speech (about constitutional government being on its trial), and Thackeray said that John Lemoinne told him that he was reprimanded for reflecting on it in the *Journal des Débats*, and that he believed the instigation had come from Windsor. The talk turned upon books, and I told him I had noted with wonder the accuracy, or rather the fitness, of the Irish names of men and places in "Barry Lyndon" that being the point where a stranger usually blunders or breaks down. He said he had lived a good deal among Irish people

in London and elsewhere. Carlyle graciously refrained from taking any part in the conversation, which struck me as a fine piece of courtesy.

As we walked towards Chelsea, after parting with Thackeray, Carlyle said that all this talk about administrative reform was very idle and worthless. The people of England lived by steadfast industry, and took no heed at all of questions of patronage and promotion. The public service in England was notoriously the honestest in Europe, the least liable to be diverted from its duty by any temptation, and that was nearly all one wanted to know about it. If there was any possibility of getting honest work done just now, there was much need of quite other work than those people had in hand. Think of the inorganic mass of men in the disjointed districts called London, with a population equal to that of half-a-dozen Greek States of old, bestridden by aldermen and vestrymen, with all their haranguing and debating apparatus, whom we are ordered to obey (if it were possible) as the guardians of our interests, but who could not supply us from year's end to year's end with a wholesome glass of clean water.

I said it might be of slight importance to prosperous people how the service was filled, but it was not a matter of indifference to the considerable class who found the public service their only road to employment that was not servile. It seemed to me a serious and dangerous injustice in the English system that all the great prizes of public life were

reserved for the aristocracy, and all the petty prizes for their nominees.

Carlyle replied that this assumption did not represent the actual fact as one found it in operation. The higher classes, having more leisure and easier access to Parliament, naturally came in for more of the guerdons which were distributed in that region, but probably no one was denied the share he was fairly entitled to, especially in the highest offices.

Edmund Burke, I said, was a conspicuous example of one who had been denied his share.

Carlyle replied that he did not know what Edmund Burke had to complain of. He came to London having nothing, and people there, the aristocracy chiefly, made him a leading man in the business he worked in; he became a Privy Councillor and a Minister of the Crown, and died leaving a good estate. This was not an inconsiderable payment for the strange industry he was engaged in; what was to be desired more?

Why, I replied, it was to be desired that he had been recognised for what he undoubtedly was—the brain and soul of his party. He was never admitted to the Cabinet of which he framed the policy, and which he defended in the House of Commons with supreme ability. It seemed to me a public scandal that Charles Fox was set over the head of a man who taught him his business, only because Fox was one of the aristocracy, that is to say, was the son of a disreputable and

unprincipled politician, who had grown rich by nefarious jobbing, and who was made a peer only because he had become intolerable to the House of Commons.

The Cabinet, Carlyle replied, was in those days composed for the most part of great peers, and Burke, or any one on his behalf, might as reasonably complain that he was not made a marquis as that he was not made a member of the Cabinet. There is perpetually something above a man which he does not attain, and it was good sense of a very essential sort to be content without it. Burke's achievements, which might have been conveniently abridged, had obtained in substance the reward he sought and expected.

I asked him about a lively little book, written by one of the Lindsay-Layard party, in a dialect which was then called Carlylese, and inquired if he had read it. Yes, he said, he had looked into it, and noted the resemblance I spoke of. It was like his style, if he might be supposed to be a judge of the matter, as like perhaps as the reflection of his face in a dish-cover was like that entity.

He inquired whether the address of Malvern, which he read in a letter of mine in the newspapers, indicated that I had been at the water cure. I said it did. I read a pamphlet of Bulwer Lytton's entitled the "Confessions of a Water Patient," describing the water cure as a magical remedy for the exhaustion of literary or political work, and I gave it a trial. The early hours, simple meals,

and absolute rest, were balsamic; but I had slight faith in the system, which was kept alive largely by fables. We were told how patients were carried into the establishment, and after a few weeks walked out, but nothing was said of cases where the patients walked in, and were carried out in an oak box. The fanaticism of some of the patients passed belief. One poor fellow, who was visibly fading away, told me that his relapses were part of the cure: the doctor must break him down before he could build him up! Crowds of new patients arrived every week, and nobody asked what became of those who disappeared. My time passed pleasantly enough, as there were intelligent people to talk to—Indian officers, Oxford professors, Californian diggers, and London men and women of letters.

Carlyle said he had marvelled to note during the summer months what a steady stream of simpletons set from London to Worcestershire.

Yes, I said, simpletons tempered by sages. My bathman told me, and every one who would listen to him, of his attendance on Mr. Carlyle, and of that great man's behaviour under the douche, or wrapped in wet sheets like an Egyptian mummy swathed in its cerements. The bathman was a living witness that a man may still occasionally be a hero to his *valet de chambre.*

Carlyle laughed, and said that it was very proper that he should be found out. A number of friendly people, John Forster principally, he believed, in-

duced him to go to Malvern on the evidence of Bulwer Lytton that it was a panacea for dyspepsia and all its kin, and he had fared as a man deserves to fare who puts faith in such testimony. He was somewhat ashamed of the adventure. Dr. Gully was not without insight, but somebody said—it was probably Thackeray—of the other practitioners that the system had been discovered in Germany by an inspired peasant, and was administered in England by peasants who were not inspired.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

I asked him about Mr. Helps, whose "Essays in the Intervals of Business" I had read with even more pleasure than "Friends in Council," though the vivid talk of the "Friends" gave a freshness to commonplace. Elsmere seemed to me, I said, as dramatically conceived and as consistently drawn as Sir Roger de Coverley.

Mr. Helps, he answered, had been over in Ireland in an official situation, private secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant or other eminent personage, but he left this place to retire on literature exclusively. He had been a rich man, but latterly had lost some of his fortune somehow, and now lived near Southampton and wrote books. He was not at all a considerable man, but he had some truth in him, and pretty bits of fancy too. One of his little books reduced him to death's door

in producing it, and there was a long convalescence in each case. He was writing now on the slave trade from the far-off beginning of it. He was rather wearisome from the little bits of theories and speculations he kept talking and talking about, and he had a bad fashion, which he learned up in London, of making a joke of everything that turned up, even when one could perceive he was serious and anxious at bottom. When Emerson was in England, Helps met him and Carlyle down at Stonehenge, and brought them home with him. The circumstance remained in his memory because Emerson broached some amazing theories there about war altogether ceasing in the world, but when he was closely pressed on the method of this prodigious change, luckily for him luncheon was announced, and he would not speak one word more.

AUSTRALIA.

In the autumn of 1855, I resigned my seat in the House of Commons and emigrated to Australia. The end for which I entered Parliament had been rendered hopeless by the perfidy of some of my colleagues, and I resolved to mark my sense of the condition to which they had reduced the Irish cause by peremptory retirement.[1] In July I said farewell to the Carlyles, sailed three months later,

[1] The story is told in detail in the "League of North and South." Chapman & Hall.

and landed at Melbourne in the beginning of 1856. During my first three years in Australia the only communications from Carlyle were a couple of brief letters of introduction; but in 1859 the stream began to flow anew.

The reference in the next letter to a town alludes to the township of Carlyle on the Murray river, which, as Minister of Public Lands, I had named after the philosopher.

"CHELSEA, LONDON, *April* 13, 1859.

"DEAR DUFFY,—I confess I have been remiss in writing to you; shamefully so, if you did not know the circumstances, or believe in them without knowing! To want of remembering you I will by no means plead guilty; and I have had no letters, or one and a *half* (with excellent continuation by Mrs. Callan) which were heartily welcomed —welcomer than hundreds that did get answer of some kind! The truth is I have been swimming in bottomless abysses, whipt and whirled about as man never was, for long years past; and there are still many months of it ahead; it was *after* all this should have once rolled itself away that I always want to write to you, a free man once more (no Prussian or other rubbish crushing the life out of me), till which fine consummation, though my conscience did a little back upon me now and then, it backed to no purpose, as you have seen! This is the true history of that phenomenon; and I leave it with you.

"As I said, there are months and twelvemonths still of that sad Prussian operative pressing on me; and one knows not how long the foolish speechlessness might have lasted, had it not been for a message that arrived this morning, the letter here enclosed, which cannot brook being neglected by me. I shove Frederick aside, therefore (more luck to him), and hasten, with a bad or good grace, to do the needful.

"Please read carefully that enclosed letter from Macready to me; it will bring the whole case accurately before you; and if you can do anything in it, I will earnestly request you, for my sake withal, to do it with your best might. I know not if you are aware, as I am, that the private worth and merits of Mr. Macready, senior, are of the highest order; a man of scrupulous veracity, correctness, integrity, a kind of *Grandisonian* style of magnanimity, both in substance and manner, visible in all his conduct. I have often said, looking at his ways as a 'public' person, 'Here is a playhouse manager, dependent on the populace for everything, and there is no bishop of souls in England who dare appeal to the truth, and defy the devil and his angels, except this very singular' bishop, whose diocese is Drury Lane. In fact, I greatly esteem the man; and his domestic losses and distresses (loss of an excellent, noble, little wife; loss of child after child, so soon as they grew up; loss of, &c. &c.) have filled me and others with sympathy for him in these years. I add only

that he is an Irishman (that his wife was Irish, a pretty little being, whom I think he found an *actress*, and whom he left a high and real gentlewoman in her sphere), so that you see the whole case is Irish; and if Macready, junior, whom I do not know, but whose father's account of him I credit to the last particular, *can* be launched in an honest career, and made useful among his fellow-creatures, it will be, on every side, in the line of your vocation. This, I think, is about the substance of all I had to say. You will take it all for truth, my exactest notion of the truth; and then I must leave it with you. The young man will appear in person, and you can take survey of him. What is fairly possible I have no doubt you will do; and I need not repeat that it would be pleasant to me among its other results. So enough.

"The 'Township of Carlyle' (more power to it) amused us very much, and there was in it a kind of interest, pathetic and other, which was higher than amusement. 'Stuart-Mill Street,' 'Sterling Street' (especially Jane Street), I could almost have wept a little (had any tears now remained me) at these strange handwritings on the wall; stern and sad, the meaning of that to me, as well as laughable. In short, it is a very pretty device; and if in the chief square or place they one day put the statue of C. G. D. himself, when he has become head in the colony and led it into the *good* way (which is far off just now), I shall by no means be sorry. For the rest, the Plans, &c., of Carlyle are

firmly bound and secured, along with a learned volume of Scottish antiquarian biography, and there wait till they become antique if possible. I send the most cordial regards to Mrs. Callan, amiable, much suffering body.—I am, as of old, yours truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

This was the letter enclosed:—

"SHERBORNE, *April* 13, 1859.

"MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I have a great favour to ask of you, a most important service; which, in the belief that, if you can, you will render it, becomes on my part a duty to request of you. I might introduce the subject with preparatory apologies, but I know I should gain nothing by them in your opinion or in the furtherance of the object of my application; and that, if there should be impediments to your acquiescence in my solicitation, they will be valid ones.

"My second son, after some indecision, adopted of his own free choice the military profession, and entered the East India Company's service with the most hopeful prospects of advancement. Unhappily he was not proof to the idle and reckless course of life too often pursued by Indian officers, and, after a brief career of folly and extravagance, was obliged from insubordinately resenting the rebuke of his commanding officer, to resign his commission.

"I have reason to believe he is now thoroughly awakened to a sense of his indiscretion, and is

deeply repentant of the ill conduct into which he has been betrayed. I have full faith in the sincerity of his penitence, and of his desire and determination to redeem himself in character, if he can only obtain the means of exerting himself creditably.

"He is still in Bombay, where he has been unsuccessful (as indeed might naturally be expected) in all his endeavours to obtain employment. On all accounts it is desirable that he should leave India; and Australia seems the only land, where by diligence, endurance, and upright bearing, he may have a chance of raising himself in the esteem of friends and in his own respect. Our mutual friend, Forster, informs me that Mr. Gavan Duffy, who holds office there, which gives him the distribution of employment to a very considerable extent, would be happy in paying attention to any suggestion of yours. Here is my prayer: if you can befriend my unfortunate boy with your interest, he may yet do credit to his family and to your recommendation. My last wish would be a sinecure, or even easy work for him. The discipline of systematic effort is needful to sustain his good resolutions, and may be the making of him. His colonel, in writing to me, laid stress upon the point, that in his errors he knew of nothing to bring his honour into question; and his recent letters give me assurance, that if opportunity be granted to him, he will never again abuse it.

"Can you assist me in this most pressing need, either by writing direct to Mr. Duffy, or through

the hands of my son Edward? He is only 23, and has drunk deeply enough of adversity's bitter cup to receive from it a healthful tone for the life that may be before him. He is not without abilities, and with industry may turn them to good account.

"I am bold to think, that if you can thus greatly serve me you will do it. I will not say, being sure you *know*, how gratefully I should receive this saving act of friendship from you. I have been going to write to Mrs. Carlyle about an intimation of a western journey, which she held out; will you say to her, with my most affectionate regards, that I defer the letter but a little longer?—Believe me, dear Mr. Carlyle, always and most sincerely yours,

"W. C. MACREADY."

Macready junior duly appeared, and was a gentlemanly prepossessing young fellow, with considerable intelligence and observation. He spoke of his Indian experience with perfect unreserve, and bewailed the ruin of young officers from indolence, and the habit of tippling brandy-and-water which the climate induced. He spoke like one who saw and deplored errors of his own, which he would scorn to conceal. I was pleased with him, and offered him an admission to the Civil Service of the colony, where none of the temptations which assailed him in military service need exist, and where he might re-establish himself in the good opinion of his father. He surprised me by replying that he had

no desire to enter the public service; he believed he possessed some of the gifts which made his father famous, and would prefer to try the stage. I predicted that his father would disapprove of this design, but he was immovable. I took him to Mr. Coppin, the manager of the principal Melbourne theatre, and as the young man thought that light comedy was his speciality, Mr. Coppin agreed to give him an opportunity of playing Captain Absolute, provided his real name appeared in the play-bills. Mr. Macready drew one great audience, but not a second, and he gradually descended in the theatrical scale till he reached the bottom, and finally died prematurely.

His father acknowledged my slight services warmly, and I kept an eye on the young man as long as there was any hope of helping him effectually.

"SHERBORNE HOUSE, SHERBORNE,
DORSET, *January* 24, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is not an easy thing to satisfy oneself in acknowledging benefits of the greatest value, and which are beyond the reach of requital. I am quite unequal to the task. You have done all that a *friend* could do to withdraw my son from a dangerous, I may say an evil course, and aided him, as far as prudence could warrant, even when persisting in his most blamable resolution.

"My thanks are poor and weak in conveying to

you my sense of your great kindness, and of my lasting obligation to you; but you will accept them, I am sure, in the spirit of sincerity in which they are offered.

"You will still further oblige me by drawing on me at Messrs. Ranson, Bouverie, & Co., 1 Pall Mall East, for the £10 which you so obligingly furnished my son. He had no right to be in need of it, and the adoption of the mode of life he has resorted to, he knew, is beyond all others most repugnant to my wishes.

"I need not add my request that you will not make him any further advance. It is a sad reflection, that he should have turned to such a purpose the means I had used for re-establishing him in a respectable position. But for all you have done to deter him and forward my views for him, I am, and must ever be, your truly grateful debtor. —Believe me, my dear sir, your deeply obliged and very faithful, W. C. MACREADY.

"Hon. GAVAN DUFFY."

I made some renewed efforts to restore the young man to serious courses, which his father acknowledged profusely.

"6 WELLINGTON SQUARE, CHELTENHAM,
August 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel more obliged to you than I have powers of expression for. You have done all in your power to rescue my son from the

desperate course in which he has deliberately precipitated himself, and my gratitude to you for such invaluable service is sincere and most fervent.

"I wish I could encourage the hope, that he may yet see the error of his ways, and avail himself of your ready wish to aid him in recovering himself. I can only say, God grant it, again and again thanking you for your great kindness.

"With every cordial wish for your health and happiness.—I remain, my dear sir, most sincerely and gratefully yours, W. C. MACREADY.

"Hon. GAVAN DUFFY."

SIR HENRY PARKES.

The Parkes to whom the next note refers was Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales down to the close of last year, but, at the time Carlyle wrote, Emigration Agent for his colony in England. His fellow Emigration Agent was William Bede Dalley, on whom public opinion in England has bestowed a memorial tablet in St. Paul's for his share in the Australian expedition to the Soudan.

"CHELSEA, *November* 10, 1861.

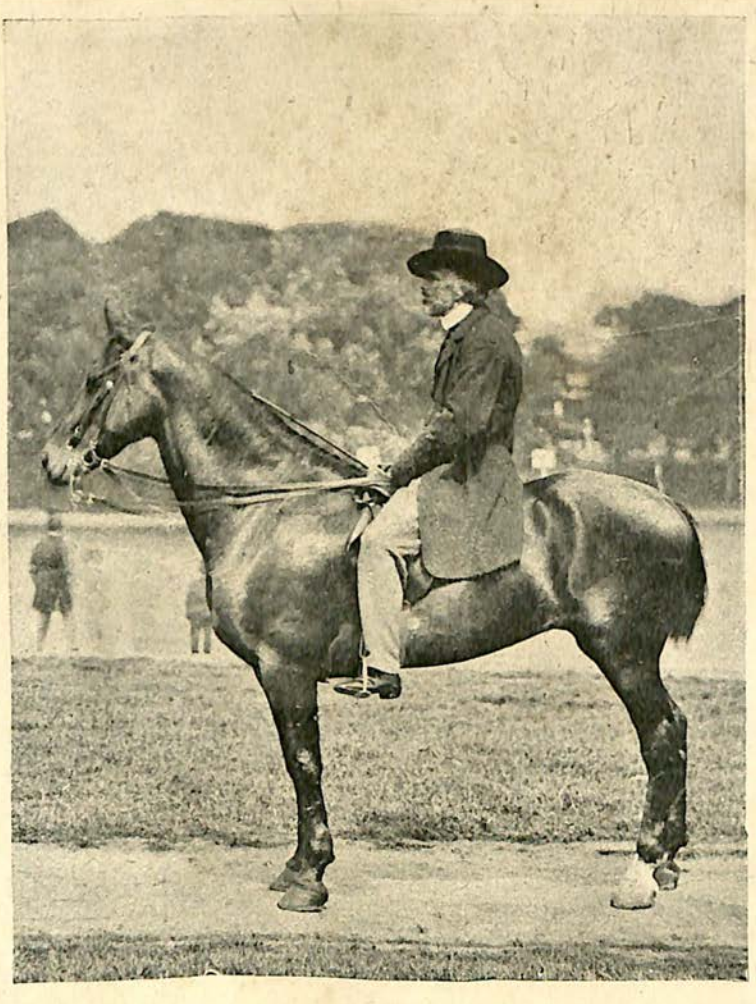
"DEAR DUFFY,—Your friend Parkes, who did not present himself till quite lately, 'hearing I was so busy,' came the other evening, and gave us a few pleasant hours. We find him a robust, effec-

tive, intelligent, and sincere kind of man, extremely loyal to C. G. D.; which is not one of his smallest merits here. He gave me several more precise notions about Australian life; seemed to be thoroughly at home in the anarchic democratic Universal-Palaver element, and to swim about it, with a candid joy, like a fish in water; and indeed, I could not but own that in comparison with the old Colonial Office and Parliamentary-Fogie methods of administration, it might be a real improvement; and that, in short, in the present anarchic condition of England, there was nothing for it, but to let her colonies go, in this wild manner, down the wind, whither they listed, till once it became insupportable to the poor minority of wise men among themselves, and they (probably sword-in-hand) could resolve to take some course with it, life to them having grown worse than death under such conditions. It is my prophecy for Yankeeland, and for England, and for all countries with National-Palaver and Penny Newspapers in them; if the gods intend that these nations are to continue above ground, said nations will have to abolish, or tightly chain up, all that (so far as I can form the last opinion), or if the nation prefers not to abolish, it can at its own good pleasure go down; to very *hot* quarters indeed, and will find *me* a resigned man, whichever way! But I waste my paper sadly.

"The worst news Parkes gave us was, that you did not seem to be in good health; bad health he sometimes defined your situation to be, when we

pressed him for details. That you are out of office for the last eighteen months is, since you have means of modest livelihood independent, rather a pleasure to hear; but this of health—Alas, alas! could not the Victoria people be persuaded to send *you* as their 'Agent' hitherward? Anything that would bring you home, how welcome were it to us! Or would not your means, though modest, enable you to live *here* as well as at Melbourne? What a book *you* might write on that wild continent of things; what books and instructions; how much good you might really do. If not loaded with nuggets, if only able to live as a poor man, so much the *better*, on my word. You promised to come home at any rate, and see us again. If you delay too long, some of us will not be discoverable here, when you land expectant. I write to try for a letter, at the greatest length you can afford, and without long time, elucidating these and the cognate points, which you need not doubt are at all times interesting to me. Many people, as you may fancy, have criticised you to me; I answer always, 'Yes, yes, and of all the men I saw in Ireland, the two *best*, so far as I could judge, were Lord George Hill and Charles Duffy, even he and that other!'

"By the *lex talionis* I have not the least right to a letter; but if you knew the case here, you would completely drop that plea. It is a literal fact that I have not, for years past, any leisure at all; but have had to withdraw out of all society, and employ every available minute of my day



Hyde - Park, 2 Augt 1861

9. C. (Gr' 18)

(hardly four good hours to be had out of it with never such thrift, in these sad circumstances!) for running a race, which is too literally a flight from the infernal Hunt, who is at my heels till I get out of that bad Prussian business. I ride daily, have ridden on a horse, which I call 'Fritz' (an amiable, swift, loyal creature, now falling old) for eight years past: I think about 24,000 miles or so in quest 'of health to go on with,' and do not write the smallest note if it can possibly be helped! This is true, and I will say no more of it; only let it serve you for an explanation, and in the course of next summer or autumn, I do now hope I shall be out of this unutterable quagmire (dark to me as Erebus, too often, and too long), and shall then have more leisure, leisure to the end of the chapter, as I intend! For I have for once got a complete bellyful of 'work'—curiously enough reserved for me to finish off with. In my young time I had no work that was not a mere flea-bite to this which lay appointed for my old days.

"It is only by accident I have found time and spirit to write you so much. My intention, unexecuted for weeks and months back, was only to send you the enclosed bad *photograph* accompanied by a word or two, which might stand as apology for a letter. I dare say you recognise the riding figure, though he has little or no *face* allowed. The standing gentleman is Frederic Chapman, junior, of the firm, a prosperous gentleman who has dismounted from a horse ditto. There is a

strange worth in *indisputable* certainty, however limited. I wish you would send me such a *sun-picture* from Melbourne; it would be very welcome here. Will you give my affectionate regards to Mrs. Callan? Parkes told me the doctor had got an honourable and profitable employment in his noble profession, which I was very glad of. My wife desires to be remembered, as do I, kindly to Mrs. D——, of whom I have still an agreeable shadow left.—Yours, ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

That visit home referred to in Carlyle's last letter was made in the beginning of 1865, after ten years' residence in Australia. A few days after my return, before I had time to visit Chelsea, I had a pleasant note from Mrs. Carlyle.

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
WEDNESDAY, *April* 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Mr. Carlyle read in a newspaper ten days ago that you had 'returned from Australia, and were stopping in London.' I said it couldn't be true; for you wouldn't have been many hours in London without coming to see *us*. But Mr. C. thought otherwise—that you might have found no time yet—and he desired me to put George Cooke (a friend of ours who can find out everything) on discovering where you were lodged. Had this failed, I suppose he would have advertised

for you in the *Times;* if still you had made no sign!

"You may figure then how glad I was when your letter and basket arrived to me this morning, just as I was starting off for my long daily drive. Since I came back I have done nothing but admire the various presents you have sent me, and think how kind it was of you to collect these things for me so far away.

"But we want to see you; when will you come?

"Mr. C. says he is going to call for you to-morrow morning; but most likely you will be gone out. So it would be best to make an appointment to meet here at dinner, say at six o'clock, when a man's day's work is or ought to be done! Name any day you like, only let it be soon, if you please, for I am impatient to see you.—Affectionately yours,

"JANE W. CARLYLE.

"Hon. CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY, Grosvenor Hotel."

I remained a couple of years in Europe, and when in London went to Cheyne Row constantly. On Sunday I generally walked two or three hours in the parks with Carlyle; he talked as frankly as of old, but I was closely engaged and had seldom leisure to make notes. A few exceptional conversations, however, I have found in a diary in which I kept reminiscences of travel.

When I saw him first he thanked me for acting so promptly on his letters of introduction, and

inquired if these sort of things were commonly of much use to emigrants. I said they were like French assignats, the emission was so excessive that no one any longer wished to touch them. It was easy to write a letter, but it was cruel to write it, if it raised hopes which could not be realised. And as of old there were forged assignats in circulation; a man brought me from New York a familiar and affectionate letter which I had reason in the end to believe he purchased, and it was from a person whose name I had never heard before. I was most provoked by introductions from men in Parliament and office who had patronage of their own. There was a case in the English newspapers a few years ago arising out of a complaint a schoolmistress made against a Minister of State, one of the most conspicuous men in Europe indeed, and shortly afterwards the lady and her husband appeared in Melbourne, and he called upon me with a couple of impressive introductions from important persons. I asked him if he were the plaintiff in such and such a case, and he said "Yes." I asked if the charges against Lord P—— were well founded. "Ah," he said, "that was a long story." "Well," I replied, "I must understand your long story very distinctly before I take these letters of introduction into consideration." I extracted from him by patient cross-examination that certain influential friends had advised him to drop the case, that the same generous patrons had sent him to Australia with a couple of hundred

pounds in his pocket, and armed with irresistible letters of recommendation. I was in doubt at the outset whether he was an honest man driven to emigrate by powerful enemies, a blackmailer who had made a false charge against an eminent statesman, or an injured man who had salved the wound to honour by a handful of money. He left me in no doubt upon the point, and I showed him to the door and threw his letters of introduction into the waste-paper basket.

Carlyle inquired who had sent the letters, and when he heard their names condemned them sharply. One of my friends in London afterwards told me that when the septuagenarian (who had as little sense of moral diffidence as one of Congreve's fine gentlemen) was rallied by his colleagues on this unseemly adventure, he murmured gaily, "*Que voulez-vous mon ami?* Boys will be boys."

Carlyle told me an amusing story about the same eminent personage. There was a State dinner at his house, including the cream of the official world. Every one present except the wife of the American Minister was familiar with a scandal which attributed to their host illegitimate relations with the wife of one of his colleagues, whom he married after her husband's death. Her son during the first marriage was brought in to dessert at the State dinner. When he approached the American lady she put her hand on the boy's head, and looking affectionately at her host, exclaimed, "Ah, my

lord, no one need ask who is this young gentleman's papa."

I spoke to him of Cobden, whose death I had heard of with the deepest regret, from the pilot who came on board our ship in the Channel, who was full of the tragic news. Yes, he said, a pack of idle shrieking creatures were going about crying out that the great Richard was dead, as if the world was coming to an end, which it was not at all, at least in that regard. Bright, he considered one of the foolishest creatures he had ever heard of, clamouring about America and universal suffrage, as if there was any sensible man anywhere in the world who put the smallest confidence in that sort of thing now-a-days. Their free trade was the most intense nonsense that ever provoked human patience. The people of Australia were quite right to protect their industries and teach their young men trades in complete disregard of Parliamentary and platform palaver. No nation ever got manufactures in any other way.

I said it was not desirable to have a permanent population of diggers ready to fly from "rush" to rush, as new discoveries were made, but, if possible, a settled population engaged in all the ordinary pursuits of life; and Australians were willing to make a sacrifice to secure this end. They did right, he said, and I might lay this to heart, that of all the mad pursuits any people ever took up gold digging was the maddest and stupidest. If they got as much gold as would make a bridge from

Australia to Europe it would not be worth a mealy potato to mankind.

The next time I saw him he told me that he had consented to be nominated Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on condition that no inaugural address should be required from him. His rival was Disraeli, who beat him before at Glasgow —being a person altogether more agreeable to the popular taste. Madame, who was present, assured me, however, that an address would be forthcoming in good time. He made light of the affair, treating it as a bore, which perhaps, after all, it was better to endure patiently, since certain persons took an interest and had taken trouble in the business. Both he and she have a repressed but very natural and justifiable pride in it nevertheless.

Two days later I went over to Cheyne Row and found Madame going out to dine with Lady William Russell. I drove with her and had a very pleasant talk. She is frankly proud of the Lord Rectorship intended for Carlyle, and declares that he must deliver an address. She told with admirable humour a story of her going to inquire for a lost dog, to the shop of one of the gentry whose profession is to find and lose dogs. When she entered she meant to ask him if he sold dogs, but her mind was so possessed by the actual facts of the case, that she blurted out, "Pray, sir, do you steal dogs?" Returned to Cheyne Row, where two Southern Americans, Colonel La Trobe and Mr. Thomson, were with Carlyle. They were evi-

dently delighted with Carlyle's pro-slavery opinions. He insists that the South cannot be ruled on New England principles, and that towards any solution of the difficulty it would be indispensable to return to some modification of slave-holding.

I must mention a couple of incidents at this period which will not surprise those who knew Carlyle, but are hard to reconcile with the new theory of his domineering disposition and impatience of contradiction. In fact, good-humoured and good-natured dissent were never accepted with more equanimity and cordiality by any man, and if it bore a little hard on himself or his opinions, it had not the worse reception for that.

One Sunday, walking to Battersea Park with two or three friends, one of whom since became a judge and another was an eminent man of letters, we came on a street preacher haranguing a mob at the top of his voice: "Will you open your ears to the word of God, my brethren?" he cried: "Do you accept this message which I bring you from the fountain of living truth?" "Not altogether, my friend, if you insist upon knowing," Carlyle whispered with comical emphasis when we had passed the preacher. "And why not?" asked one of his friends. "You reject him with scorn, but what he looks to you is precisely what the first Puritan looked to Laud or Strafford—an ignorant fanatic dogmatising on questions which he did not understand."

One evening he was declaiming against Oxford

converts, a theme which he knew I disliked, for Dr. Newman was an honoured friend. When he had finished I told him that a comrade of mine was fond of saying that Carlyle's contempt for Newman suggested Satan disparaging the archangel Michael. "Why, sir, Michael (Satan would probably say), is a poor creature; he has never seen the world, but dozed away life in unquestioning service and submission. Michael, if one will consider it well, has the intellect of a cherub, a cherub, you will please to understand, docked at the shoulders, with nothing left but a bullet head to construct little bits of sermons and syllogisms."

Carlyle laughed, and said he would have to insist in the end on my naming this anonymous critic who was for ever turning up as counsel for the other side. He manifestly suspected that I myself was the unknown critic, but this pleasant parody on Carlyle's method had been actually improvised over the dinner-table by the late Judge O'Hagan.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

I inquired shortly after seeing him whether he would follow Frederick by any other historical study. No, he said, he would probably write no more books; writing books was a task to which a man could not be properly encouraged in these times. Modern literature was all purposeless and distracted, and led he knew not where. Its pro-

fessors were on the wrong path just now, and he believed the world would soon discover that some practical work done was worth innumerable "Oliver Twists" and "Harry Lorrequers," and any amount of other ingenious dancing on the slack rope. The journalism which called itself critical had grown altogether Gallic, and exulted over the windy platitudes of Lamertine and the erotics of George Sand.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said we had small right to throw the first stone at George Sand, though she had been caught in the same predicament as the woman of old, if we considered what sort of literary ladies might be found in London at present. When one was first told that the strong woman of the *Westminster Review* had gone off with a man whom we all knew, it was as startling an announcement as if one heard that a woman of your acquaintance had gone off with the strong man at Astley's; but that the partners in this adventure had set up as moralists was a graver surprise. To renounce George Sand as a teacher of morals was right enough, but it was scarcely consistent with making so much of our own George in that capacity. A marvellous teacher of morals, surely, and still more marvellous in the other character, for which nature had not provided her with the outfit supposed to be essential.

The gallant, I said, was as badly equipped for an Adonis, and conqueror of hearts. Yes, Carlyle replied, he was certainly the ugliest little fellow

you could anywhere meet, but he was lively and pleasant. In this final adventure it must be admitted he had escaped from worse, and might even be said to have ranged himself. He had originally married a bright little woman, daughter of Swinfin Jervis, a disreputable Welsh member; but every one knew how that adventure had turned out. Miss Evans advised him to quit a household which had broken bounds in every direction. His proceeding was not to be applauded, but it could scarcely be said that he had gone from bad to worse.

A DISPUTE.

In all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth, it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world, arose and swore that this thing should not continue though the earth and the devil united to uphold it, and their vehement protest

'was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest. It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ireland, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws to compel her into the right course, till in latter times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole, we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, as he knew my opinions on these points, and had no justification for a homily. I replied vehemently, that the upshot of his discourse was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle

of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth, would have made as short work of him as they did of Popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant, he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offence strictly prohibited and sternly punished by law. Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the Reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School. My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school, where I was regarded as an intruder; not an agreeable experiment in the province of Ulster, I could assure him. This was what I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilisation. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labour

were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious under such conditions, nor would philosophers for that matter, I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them today? In my opinion, they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with His Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled and licentious passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches; what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anne Boleyn's husband to found a new religion, seemed as absurd and profane to those Irishmen as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured, the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate, piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were

touring in Ireland together twenty years before, with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that, after a trial of three centuries there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation as if a catastrophe was imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "that there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different to that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly prosperity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral; and as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching, which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening, I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's. I sat beside him, and had a pleasant talk, and neither then, nor at any future time, did he resent my brusque criticism by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognise to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper, and arrogant overbearing self-will.

MODERN ART.

As we passed one day the Albert Memorial going to Hyde Park, he spoke of the chaotic condition of art, like all the other intellectual pursuits. England had not been fortunate in expressing her ideas in this region more than any other, quite otherwise than fortunate indeed. Some one had compared the memorial to a wedding-cake with a gilded marionette mounted on it; the effect produced was insignificant or altogether grotesque. The huge edifice called the New Palace of Westminster was not insignificant or grotesque, but it wanted the unity of design which is apt to impress one in a work which is a single birth from one competent mind. When Thackeray saw the river front he declared he saw no reason why it stopped: it ended nowhere, and might just as well have gone on to Chelsea.

I asked who was responsible for the disappointing effect of the Albert Memorial. The person to be contented, he said, was the Queen. She lived in such an atmosphere of courtly exaggeration that she ceased to comprehend the true relation and proportion of things. Hence the tremendous outcry over Prince Albert, who was in no respect a very remarkable man. He had had a certain practical German sense in him too, which prevented him from running counter to the feelings of the English people, but that was all. He was very ill-liked among the aristocracy who came into personal relations with him. Queen Victoria had a preternaturally good time of it with the English people, owing a good deal to reaction from the hatred which George IV. had excited. Her son, one might fear, would pay the penalty in a stormy and perilous reign. He gave no promise of being a man fit to perform the tremendous task appointed him to do, and indeed one looked in vain anywhere just now for the man who would lead England back to better ways than she had fallen into in our time.

Speaking of the relations of Ireland and Scotland, he said Scotia Major and Scotia Minor owed each other mutual services, running back to the dawn of history. Scotland sent St. Patrick to civilise the western isle, and in good time the western isle sent Columbkille and other spiritual descendants of St. Patrick to teach the Scottish Celts their duties towards the Eternal Ruler and His laws.

I said it was disputed whether Scotland had sent St. Patrick to Ireland; a friend of mine, Mr. Cashel Hoey, had recently written a paper to demonstrate that St. Patrick was a Frenchman.

A Frenchman! he echoed; what strain of human perversity could induce an Irishman to desire to see it admitted that St. Patrick was a Frenchman? I laughed, and replied that the object probably was to relieve him from the reproach of being a Scotchman.

Well, he said, in a bantering tone, we might rely it was a controversy in no respect likely to arise about any other Irish personage, whether he was a Scotchman.

I was in Ireland when the news reached me of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death. There was none of her sex outside my own immediate kith and kin whose loss would have touched me so nearly. I had known her for thirty years, always gracious and cheerful, even when physical pain or social trouble disturbed her tranquillity. She was perhaps easily troubled, for she was of the sensitive natures who expect more from life than it commonly yields. I verily believe her married life was as serene, sympathetic, and satisfying as those of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the exceptionally endowed classes who constitute Society. The greatly gifted are rarely content; they anticipate and desire something beyond their experience, and find troubles where to robuster natures there would be none. There was an incident connected

with her death which has always struck me as peculiarly tragic. When the news reached her husband by telegram, fresh from his election as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, he retired into absolute privacy, but his letters were brought to him next morning, and among them was one from her whom he knew to be dead, full of triumph at his success, and of lively speculations on the future.

When I saw Carlyle again, some weeks after her funeral, I found him composed, and at times even cheerful. His fresh mourning, a deep folding collar, and other puritanical abundance of snowy linen crowned with a head of silver grey, became him, and gave a stranger the impression of a noble and venerable old man. There is a photograph engraved with some of the memorials of him, which exhibits a man plunged in gloomy reverie, which did not resemble him even at that painful era, and is a caricature of the ordinary man. The photographer caught him doubtless in some fit of dyspepsia, and obtained quite an exceptional result. Before his great trouble, and even afterwards, his manner was composed and cheerful, and in earlier times no one was readier to indulge in badinage and banter; a smile was much more familiar to his face than a frown or a cloud.

When I returned to Australia, the correspondence recommenced. The pains Carlyle took to recommend for employment young men whom he was never likely to see in the world again reveals the

true nature of the man, generous, considerate, and sympathetic.

"CHELSEA, *March* 1, 1868.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Many thanks for your kindness to R—— on his arrival; it is a full honouring of the bill I drew on you in that respect; and whatever more ensues shall rest with yourself only, and your own discernment of the facts, not mine any further. That was a very awkward and provoking blunder, doubtless, that about the newspaper; but I ought to tell you withal that I believe it proceeded altogether from ignorance and irresolution in the matter; and that 'pride' had no share in it at any stage. The poor fellow, at our first meeting, cautiously told me he was busy night and day writing 'a novel,' and had the better half of it done, lodging the while with some charitable comrade. 'Literature' on those terms, *versus* Famine, his one alternative. You may guess what approval this project met with from me. 'Better die,' I said, with denunciation of 'Literature' so called, especially of newspaper work and its raging blackguardisms (as here in London), the wages of which, however high, I pronounced to be Bedlam and Gehenna, *worse* almost than all other wages of sin! At our second meeting, after some weeks of consideration, R—— gratified me much by the report that he had now ('last night,' if I remember) *burnt* out of the world his 'novel' and all that held of it, and was wholly resolute now for a life of

silent *working* as the real crown for him. This will have been, this and not 'pride,' his reason for rejecting your kind offer in that department; then soon after he will have repented (would have helped for the moment though) been ashamed to trouble you again on it, tried to help himself by the direct course, and so have gone into the quagmire, on ground he knew nothing of! Let him have the benefit of this hypothesis, if you can, as I think; and that is all I will say or expect on the matter.

"You say nothing of yourself or of your big Australian world, on both which points, especially the former, you might have expected a willing listener surely. I do not even know clearly whether you are in office again or not. A returned emigrant (newspaper editor, I think, but certainly a sensible and credible kind of man) gave me very discouraging accounts not long since of the state of *immigration* among you. 'Next to *no* immigration at all,' reports he; 'the excellent Duffy *Land Law*, made of even no effect' by scandalous 'auctioneering jobbers' and other vulpine combinations and creatures, whose modes and procedures I did not well understand. But the news itself was to me extremely bad. For the roaring anarchies of America itself, and of all our incipient 'Americas,' justify themselves to me by this one plea, 'Angry sir, we couldn't help it: and we anarchies, and all (as you may see) are conquering the wilderness, as perhaps your Friedrich William, or Friedrich himself, could not have *guided* us to do, and are

offering homes and arable communion with mother earth and her blessed verities to all the anarchies of the world which have quite lost their way.' Australia, of a certainty, ought to leave her gates wide open in this respect at all times; nay, it were well for her could she build a free bridge ('flying bridge') between Europe and her, and encourage the deserving to stream across. I pray you, if ever the opportunity offer, do your very best in this interest, and consider it as, silently or vocally, of the very essence of your function (appointed you by Heaven itself) in that Antipodal world! And excuse this little bit of preaching, for it is meant altogether honestly and well.

"What you say of Vichy and dyspepsia is welcome in two respects, first as it reminds me how kind and careful you always are about whatever is important to my now considerably unimportant self; and, secondly, as indicating, which is your one point of personal news, that the salutary effects of Vichy are still evident in you, and that your health (probably) is rather good. Long may that continue, and honourable may be the work you do in virtue of it while the days still are! As to myself, I know sadly, at all moments, *dyspepsia* to be the frightfullest fiend that is in the pit, or out of it; the accursed brutal nightmare that has ridden me continually these fifty odd years, preaching its truth gospel (would I had listened to it, which I would not), but, alas! as to any 'cure' for it, the patient is too old; the patient has it in the blood, in the

nerves and brain of him as well; and has no cure of the least likelihood, except the indubitable cure which is now near ahead. Last year about this time I understood myself to be within some fifty or eighty miles of Vichy at one point of my railway; and I had before made some inquiries and speculations with my brother and others (well remembering what you had said to me on the subject); but the result was, I considered the probable misery and botheration fairly to surpass any chance of profit to one in my case, and left Vichy lying silent in the muddy darkness (Lyon, to judge of it by night, an uglier chaotic vortex than even Manchester or Glasgow), all the ten or eight wells of Vichy, too populous, quack-governed (I was told), confused and noisy, to be of real service. I do not know that I have grown better in health since I saw you, but neither have I grown perceptibly worse. Alas! I have 'health' enough (it must be owned) for any work I have now the *heart* to do; it is heart and interest that fail me, were all else right.

"We are in a mighty fry about 'education' just now, and about many other recipes for our late grand 'leap in the dark,' in none of which have I any faith to speak of. *Fenianism* has gone to sleep, more power to it (in that direction)! John Mill has issued a strange recipe for Ireland: to oust all the Irish landlords, and make all the Irish tenants Hindoo ryots. I did not read much of his pamphlet, but it seemed to me (though of the

clearest expression and most perspicuous logic) to be still weaker and more irrational than his poor treatise on aristocracy, so famous among certain fellow-creatures in this epoch. Adieu, dear Duffy; write me a long letter if you would do me a pleasure at any time.—Yours ever, T. CARLYLE.

"John Forster has had a good deal of sickness (bronchitis, &c.) this season, and has always rather an excess of work. My kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy; and best regards to her amiable sister, whose note, &c., I got, regretting only that the occasion furnished her so many stupid blunders to report withal."

"CHELSEA, *December* 19, 1868.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Above a week ago your letter reached me; a glad arrival, as all your letters are, communicating various bits of intelligence which are of interest here. What you report about R—— agrees very well with the rough outline I had formed of him, from physiognomy and a little talk chiefly; an Oxford youth of fair faculty, of honest enough intentions too, but as yet of little real insight into the world or himself, who might be liable to fail from want of discernment, want of prudence, patience, and dexterity, but not much from any worse or deeper want, as accordingly it seems to have proved. Happily he has now got settled on a reasonably good basis, where we hope he will continue, and develop himself—and that

both of *us* two have done with him and his affairs. To you, for my sake, he has cost something; to me not much, beyond a little trouble; and if we have saved a man from London newspaper *reportage*, and wreck in the lowest gutters, into useful teaching of languages in Tasmania, neither of us will grudge the bit of help we gave. From R—— himself I have had no word since his last *thank you* at this door, which is a symptom I rather approve in him, and certainly wish to *continue*, for my own share of it. 'Silence is golden,' now and then, rather!

That of 'losing a year and half of your time and life,' in the fruitless attempt to *sound* Colonial and British anarchy, is not so good! But I suppose you had it to do, by way of satisfying your own mind and conscience; and I don't wonder you found no bottom, for in fact there is none. I, non-official, have long ceased making any inquiry into these things; chaos is as big as cosmos, one feels (or indeed infinitely bigger), and distinguishes itself moreover by having no centre; give chaos your malison and leave it alone! That thrice disgusting Governor Darling matter, I have always skipt away from, when it turned up in the newspapers, as from extensive carrion in the liveliest state of decomposition—most malodorously pointing out to me the state of both the Downing Streets, yours and ours. Ours, you may depend upon it, has no tyrannous intention of 'governing the antipodes' or of governing or encountering it at all, except to keep its own poor skin out of trouble, and be a conspicuously float-

ing dead dog amid the general universe of such. That is very certain to me. What your Downing Street, with its appendages, democracies, &c. &c., are, I hope you will thoroughly explain in one of those new books you are meditating; do, there is no usefuller or worthier employment could be cut out for a thinking and seeing man who has had Australia under his eyes till he comprehends it. In the name of manhood and honesty, and as a precept to you essentially out of heaven, regard that as your duty. About a year ago I read in the *Westminster Review* (by a man whom I have seen and believe) such an account of Australian Government, &c. &c., as refuses ever to go out of mind again; that, especially, of no emigrants arriving, of its being the wish and policy that none should arrive, fairly takes away one's breath; challenges the universe to produce its fellow in malgovernment, ancient or modern, on this afflicted earth! I entreat you go down to the bottom of all that; and let any clear-minded man understand how it is and what and why.

"A visitor (not over welcome) staggers in; I am driven to this scrap of bare paper as the readiest to hand, for the pretext obliged me to conclude abruptly. You see with what mutinous reluctance my poor right hand writes at all; has been liable to shake of late years (left hand still steady).

"I am very sad of soul, but not therefore to be called miserable; nor am I quite idle, working

rather what I can, in ways that you would not disapprove of. That you have the intention to come home is good, very good—and bring your two books with you. These, I really think, might help against this 'millennium' of the devil with the chains struck off *him*. I will believe it of you to the last.

"'In six years' it seems to me extremely uncertain (and doubtful of advantage, if it were not) whether you will find *me* still waiting here to receive you; but, if you do, you can be sure of a welcome from an old man's heart.

"Adieu, dear Duffy; I am forced to fling down pen and get out into the air.

"Forster is complaining a good deal—not dangerously. Recommend me to Mrs. Callan at the distance of St. Petersburg.—"Yours, always truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The reference to St. Petersburg alludes to my answer to some former message to be delivered personally, when I bade him look at the map, and he would see that I was further from Mrs. Callan, then in Queensland, than he was from St. Petersburg.

He was now engaged in collecting Mrs. Carlyle's letters for publication, and his friend, John Forster, communicated to me his wishes to have her correspondence with me returned.

"PALACE GATE HOUSE,
KENSINGTON, LONDON,
January 25, 1870.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—We send you many most kind wishes from this place for all happiness in this New Year, and in all the coming ones (to you and yours). Carlyle and Browning dined with us on Christmas day, and you were, I can assure you, 'very freshly remembered' by us all. Much interested were we by your last letter to me, and its interruption. You recollect who it was that laid down his pen, being 'interrupted by so great an experiment as dying.' Here was happily an experiment of the other—the creative sort, which we hope you will live triumphantly to complete, with the highest availant cast of characters. Carlyle sends most special message to you, which, indeed, he would write himself, but that the condition of his right hand almost wholly disqualifies him from writing. It is only in an absolute extremity he now ever makes the attempt, and it pains me (so terribly does the hand shake) to see him strive to lift a glass with it. Fortunately, the left hand is not affected. Well, his message is to say that any notes of poor dear Mrs. Carlyle that you may have, and that you are not indisposed to send him, he will most gladly and gratefully receive from you.

If you should send any, I will ask you kindly to mark on them the date, or approximate date, as

far as may be. I meant to have written you a much longer letter, but I am writing under disadvantages. Immediately after Christmas day, I went down to Torquay to stay with Lord Lytton (who has a house there), most unfortunately caught cold, and was laid up with illness nearly all the time we were there. We returned only on Saturday last. I am still very ailing; and, amid much arrears of work, I am with difficulty getting this done. I then suddenly remembered 'the 26th.' Carlyle, who dined with us the day after our return, had not forgotten to ask me whether his message was gone. I wish you'd send us a paper when the other change, that will put you in your proper place, approaches more nearly, for the *Times'* correspondent is very misleading. And, further, I wish you to tell me how parcels are best sent to you—whether there is any special agency that is swiftest, safest, and cheapest? We are not in the most hopeful political condition here, very few of us believing that Gladstone has by any means yet got to the bottom of the Irish secret.

My wife tenderly remembers all your kindness, and much desires that the regards she sends, and in which I heartily join, might be permitted to extend to Mrs. Duffy also. I have had such pleasant experience formerly of your habit of returning good for ill in the matter of letter writing, that I dare to hope you may forgive what I am now writing, and make liberal return to me of what I find such real and great pleasure in having from

you, that I am almost impudent enough to think myself entitled to it. Good-bye, my dear Duffy.—I am, ever yours, JOHN FORSTER."

The following letter was in the handwriting of a lady, and from this time forth Carlyle either dictated his letters, or got a friend to write in his place, the process of engraving on lead (so he described the operation later) being past human patience:—

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
December 12, 1871.

"DEAR DUFFY,—A good many weeks ago I had your friendly and cheerful little note, which was very welcome to me after the long silence. It has lain on my table ever since, daily soliciting some answer, and, strange to say, daily in vain. Truth is, my own right hand having grown entirely useless to me for writing, the business is altogether disagreeable, and even in the old sense, impossible (for 'dictation,' do what I will, never rightly prospers); and the indolence and torpor, now grown habitual, especially in these heavy, dark November and December days, with their fogs and fitful frosts, deter me altogether from answering any letter, except under actual compulsion of the hour. *Tantum mutatus ab illo!* I also had safely delivered by the postman your copy of 'Homes in the Land of Plenty,' recognisable as yours by the handwriting outside, which also was

kindly welcome to me. I already had a copy from the author, and had read most part of it; but this I sent to the Chelsea Library for behoof of my fellow-citizens, and have put yours, as naturally worthier, in its stead. Another paper, excellently written and conceived, concerning the association of all your Australian colonies into one, I also received and read with approval and good wishes at the time you intended.[1] For all these things accept my hearty thanks in the lump; and pardon me for loitering so long with that poor return.

"It gives me real pleasure to find you again in office, and ruling, so far as any rule is possible, what geographically we may call one of the *largest* empires (for your colony is clearly the presiding one) that is to be found on the face of the earth. I rejoice also to hear that your Ministry succeeds, or was succeeding when we last heard. The ideas you had upon it, so far as I could gather, were sound and good, and deserved success. One thing I always earnestly wish, in reference to Australia and its progress, that you and Mother-Country could contrive some way to have ten times as much emigration. For fifty years the possibility of this, and the immensely beneficial effects of it (especially for *us*), have hung before my mind as certainties, even as axioms, evident like those of Euclid, the total neglect of which, in the face of such circumstances as ours, are now plainly becoming, has often

[1] A report of a Royal Commission, of which I was chairman, on the Federation of the Australian Colonies.

filled me, and yet fills, whenever I think of it (which is now seldomer), with astonishment, impatience, and even indignation. 'Administrative Nihilism,' as Huxley calls it, that is the explanation; and, alas, what Huxley does not say or quite see, Nihilism of that kind is precisely the apple that grows and must grow upon every Parliamentary tree in our day. This I at least perceive; and it quiets me on many a grievance. A government carried on by Parliamentary palaver and universal suffrage, with penny newspapers presiding, must necessarily be a do-nothingism, and neglect not only its colonies, but every other interest, temporal and eternal, except that of getting majorities for itself by hook or by crook. If on these terms we can consider it the best of all kinds of government, we are free to do so; but the consequences are, have been, and will be 'Nihilism,' as above said by Huxley, nay *minimism* (as I could say) to an ever more frightful, ruinous, detestable, and even damnable, extent; the ultimatum of which is petroleum and what we have seen in Paris not so long ago! In spite of all this, I still privately hope there is patriot honesty and probity enough on both sides of the ocean not to let the immense and noble interest sink to the sea bottom, but to save it as probably the very greatest that ever was entrusted to the guidance of a nation. Enough, oh, far too much of this; what have I to do with it more?

"Your friend Forster has been here since I began this letter. He is still busy and unwearied,

though laden with a great burden of almost perpetual ill-health, especially in winter time. He has just been some weeks on the southern coast taking his holidays there. He looks really a little stronger, and will front under better omens the three months' service that still remains to him. Were April the 5th once here, F—— can claim his pension; and will without a day's delay give the matter up. I do hope, and indeed expect, he will be able to achieve this without further permanent damage; and then there is plain sailing, so far as one can see, and nothing worse. The whole world is, in these very days and weeks, full of F—— and his 'Life of Dickens,' for which there is a perfect rage or public famine (copies not to be supplied fast enough). I should think it likely there is a copy on the sea for you too, and that you will read it with interest and satisfaction two or three months hence, in some holiday you may have. It is curious, and in part surprising; yields a true view of Dickens (great part of it being even of his own writing); only one volume of it, the second not to be begun till after the above-mentioned April 5th. Me nothing in it so surprises as these two American explosions around poor Dickens, *all* Yankee-doodle-dom, blazing up like one universal soda-water bottle round so very measurable a phenomenon, this and the way the phenomenon takes it, was curiously and even genially interesting to me, and significant of Yankee-doodle-dom. Volume first ends with a soda-water explosion, which we may reckon genially

comic; volume second will end with a ditto, which has a dark death's head in it, and which has always seemed to me very tragic and very mournful.

"With regard to myself, there is almost nothing to be said that you do not already know. A week ago yesterday I entered on my seventy-seventh year. I am not worse in health than that means, nor can I brag of being much better. I do retain nearly complete *soundness* of organ, but the *strength* of everything is inevitably lessening every day; the son of Adam had to die, and if, like a tree, it is to be by the aid of time alone, one knows not whether that is not, perhaps, within certain limits, the less desirable way. But we have no choice left in the matter, and are surely bound to be thankful to be left on any tolerable terms in the Land of the Living and the Place of Hope. You ask me what I am doing, dear Duffy; I am verily doing nothing. Knotting up some thrumbs of my life's web, gazing with more and more earnestness, and generally with love and tenderness rather than any worse feeling, into the eternity which can now be only a few steps ahead. I avoid all company except that of one or two close friends. Last winter I read most of my Goethe over again; reading a good book is, in fact, my most favourite employment. Even an intelligent book, by an honest-hearted man, is tolerable to me, and my best way of spending the evening. Adieu, dear friend, you see there is not a speck more of room.—Ever yours truly, T. CARLYLE."

The next letter was written under circumstances of painful difficulty. His right hand had become practically useless. It was only with a lead pencil, and by the slow laborious method he describes, that he was able to write at all. But I had become Prime Minister at that time, and he would not omit sending his good wishes under his own hand. I rejoice in these multiplied evidences of the genuine kindness of a man who has been so differently pictured by ignorance and prejudice.

"CHELSEA, LONDON, *May* 28, 1872.

"DEAR DUFFY,—About ten days ago I received the report of speech, the newspaper with your portrait and sketch of Biography, &c. &c., all of which, especially the first-named article, were very welcome and interesting. The portrait is not very like, though it has some honest likeness; but in the speech I found a real image of your best self, and of the excellent career you are entering upon, which pleased and gratified me very much. Though unable to write, except with a pencil, and at a speed as of *engraving* (upon lead or the like), I cannot forbear sending you my hearty *Euge, euge*, and earnestly encouraging you to speed along, and improve the 'shining hours' all you can while it lasts. Few British men have such a bit of work on hand. You seem to me to be, in some real degree, modelling the first elements of mighty nations over yonder, scattering beneficent seeds,

which may grow to forests, and be green for a thousand years. Stand to your work *hero-like*, the utmost you can; be wise, be diligent, patient, faithful; a man, in that case, has his reward. I can only send you my poor wishes, but then these veritably are sorry only that they are worth so little.

"Nothing in your list of projects raises any scruple in me; good, human and desirable we felt them all to be, except that of gold mining only. And this too, I felt at once was, if not human, or to all men's profit, yet clearly colonial, and to Victoria's profit, and therefore inevitable in your season. But I often reflect on this strange fact, as, perhaps, you yourself have done, that he who anywhere, in these ages, digs up a gold nugget from the ground, is far inferior in beneficence to him who digs up a mealy potato—nay is, in strict language, a malefactor to all his brethren of mankind, having actually to pick the purse of every son of Adam for what money he, the digger, gets for his nugget, and be bothered to it. I do not insist on this, I only leave it with you, and wonder silently at the ways of all-wise Providence with highly foolish man in this poor course of his.

"Adieu, dear Duffy, I have written more than enough. If I had a free pen, how many things could I still write; but perhaps it is better not! I am grown very old, and though without specific ailment of body, very weak (in comparison), and fitter to be silent about what I am thinking of than to speak.

"I send my kind and faithful remembrance to Mrs. Callan. John, my brother, is gone to Vichy again (day before yesterday); Forster is looking up again, now that the collar is off his neck. Good-bye with you all.—Ever truly yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

Of a brief visit to Europe in 1874, I find almost no record regarding Carlyle, but a letter from John Forster (who was already stricken by the illness of which he shortly died), full of the overflowing kindness of his genial nature.

"PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W.,
June 27, 1874.

"MY DEAR DUFFY,—I shall be heartily glad to see you again, and so will my wife, who does not forget your kindness to her.

"Alas! that there should be such differences between what we seem and what we are. My health is completely broken. I cannot speak of it. Carlyle, whom you are to see to-morrow, as I hear, will tell you something of it.

"I am going to Knebworth for ten days or so, and might find myself unable to go to you before I leave, which will be, I think, on Monday. But if you change your address in that interval, you will kindly tell me.

"I sent a letter by a mail to Melbourne, too recent, I suppose, to have reached you before you quitted

for England. Illness alone had prevented my writing earlier—the third volume [of his 'Life of Charles Dickens'] had preceded my letter.

"In the last I referred to your visit in regard to the Athenæum, when I do not think there will be any doubt of your election by the committee. Froude, with whom I spoke of it yesterday, is of the same opinion.

"With all best wishes and kindest regards from us both here, ever, my dear Duffy, most sincerely yours, JOHN FORSTER."

I ought perhaps to say that I did not desire the honour which my friend contemplated for me, because I determined, whenever I returned finally to Europe, not to reside in England, and was unwilling to incur the expense of a club I could not probably visit once in a year. At a later period the proposal was renewed by Mr. W. E. Forster, in concert with Lord Carnarvon and Lord O'Hagan (then members of the Committee); but I was more convenienced by the compliment graciously conferred on me by the Committee of a month's honorary membership, on three separate occasions, when I remained for that period in London.

After my return to Australia I had but one letter from Carlyle before my final removal to Europe. Like many recent ones, it was devoted to the general purpose of serving a young man whom he thought deserving, or, at any rate, in much need

of help. When we find a man of eighty, who is done with the chief interests of life, employing his remaining strength to serve a struggling fellow creature whom he has never seen and can never hope to see, we have safe data, I think, for determining the nature and disposition of this old man.

"5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, S.W.,
Dec. 30, 1876.

"DEAR DUFFY,—Till the arrival, about a week ago, of the *Melbourne Review*, with your article, addressed to me, which was very welcome, both as personal memento, and also as a bit of pretty enough reading, I had seen no trace of you, nor heard any rumour of news. Singularly enough, within the last three days, I have received from Melbourne, from a poor neighbour of yours there, a feeble but pathetic request, which, on reading it, I decided to send you, with two enclosures that were in it, which are now by mistake burnt, in hopes you might be able to do something for the unfortunate writer who has thus sent his message to you, written within a stone's throw of your own door, but obliged to go round the world before it could get entrance! Pray, for my sake, read with attention; understand, too, that the bits of mildly satirical verse, once printed in the *Melbourne Punch*, were not without some decided indications of a superior talent that way. These unhappily are burnt, and you must take my word for them. The poor

creature's letter, as you will observe, expresses a kind of feeble hope that you, by some way or another, might find some employment for him to supplement his miserable £40 a year—if you had been in office, and if he, poor wretch, had not been on the free trade side of politics!

"The thing I do desire of you, dear Duffy, is that you would see this poor deformed creature, and examine him with your own eyes, and in right and brotherly pity and desire to help. To me it would give a real pleasure if you could in any way help him. And that is all my message; and so I leave it in your hands.

"Of myself I have only to say that, being now in my 82nd year, I feel more completely invalided than ever before, and have no strength left for work of any kind. But, except languor and laziness, I feel no decay of spiritual faculty; and I have in the late months read with enjoyment the whole of Shakespeare, and am now reading, still with a kind of real enjoyment and wonder, Brumoy's 'Théâtre des Grecs,' of which I have finished prosperously about the fourth part. Adieu, dear Duffy; may good ever be with you, and the blessing of an old friend, if that be of any value.—Yours, ever truly, T. CARLYLE."

My final return to Europe took place in 1880. I arrived in London in the spring, and immediately visited Carlyle. It was deeply touching to see the

Titan, who had never known languor or weakness, suffering from the dilapidations of old age. His right hand was nearly useless, and had to be supported by the left when he lifted it by a painful effort to his mouth. His talk was subdued in tone, but otherwise unaltered. It takes a long time to die, he said, with his old smile, and a gleam of humour in his eye. He was wrapped in a frieze dressing-gown, and for the first time wore a cap; but, though he was feeble, his face had not lost its character of power or authority. He was well enough, he declared, except from the effects of decay, which were rarely beautiful to see. His chief trouble was to be so inordinately long in departing. It was sad to have survived early friends, and the power of work. Up to seventy he had lost none of his faculties, but when his hand failed that loss entailed others. He could not dictate with satisfaction. He found, when he dictated, the words were about three times as many as he would employ *propria manu*. Composition was in fact a process which a man was accustomed to perform in private, and which could not be effectually performed in the presence of any person whatever. But he had written more than enough. If anybody wanted to know his opinions, they were not concealed. There were still subjects on which he had perhaps something to say, and could say it, for though he was suffering an euthanasia from the gradual decay of the machine, the mind was probably much as it used to be; but he was content

to consider his work at an end. In looking back over his turbid and obstructed life, he saw only too well that he had scattered much seed by the wayside, which was as good as lost, leaving no visible issue behind. If it was sound vitalised seed it might perhaps spring up and blossom after many years; if not, in Heaven's name, let it rot. But much had been left altogether unspoken, because there was no fit audience discernible as yet, and a man's thoughts, though struggling for utterance, refused to utter themselves to the empty air. The discipline of delay and impediment, of which he had had considerable experience, was not, on the whole, a hostile element to labour in. In his later life he had some share of what men call prosperity; but, alas, it might well be doubted, if for him and for all men, trouble and trial were not a wholesomer condition than ease and prosperity.

After a time he seemed anxious to quit the subject of himself, and spoke of general topics. He asked me if I had visited the National Portrait Gallery, which he had done something to promote. He was confident it would prove a school of history for many who had no leisure for regular study of any kind.

I said I had visited it several times, and with much satisfaction. It would prove a school of history, no doubt, but it was a school in which the pupils would get a good deal *disillusionés*. What would they say to Lord Bacon looking as jolly and *degagé* as the burlesque personage who

used to be known in London as Chief Baron Nicholson, or Queen Elizabeth as flaunting and overdressed as a milliner's lay figure in the Borough, or, in our own times, Charles Lamb transformed into an Italian nobleman by Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt into a Venetian bravo by Haydon? One of the modestest of English worthies might recall the Dutch ambassador's bull about a colleague whom he described as strutting about with his arms akimbo—like a peacock! I told him, *à propos* of historical memorials, that I had been recently in Paris, and visited Robespierre's house in the Rue St. Honore, where the iron stairs which he had so often trodden were still in existence in the gloomy and now dilapidated house where he resided in the heat of the Terror.

It was from such seemingly insignificant fragments, he said, that history had to reconstruct the past, or some resemblance of it more or less credible, an operation rarely performed with success.

He walked no longer as of old, but he appointed an early day for me to share his customary drive from three o'clock to five. He was accompanied by his niece,[1] whose care was now essential to his comfort. We drove to Streatham, through Clapham Common, and home by Battersea Park. Carlyle talked of things which the localities suggested. He spoke much as usual, except that his voice was

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's niece, and by marriage with his nephew, Mr. Carlyle's niece also.

feeble, and was so drowned by the noise of the road that I had to guess painfully at his meaning which used to be delivered with such clearness and vigour. I answered to what I was able to hear. He took occasional sips of brandy to keep up his strength, and solaced himself with a pipe.

I did not see him again before leaving London, and in the spring of the ensuing year the summons to his funeral, which followed me to the south of France, only reached me when the body was already on its way to Scotland. Time had brought to a close, not prematurely, but with many forewarnings, a friendship which nothing had disturbed, and which was one of the chief comforts of my life.

As these papers were published to present a more faithful portrait of Carlyle than the one commonly received, I intended to finish them with a rapid survey of the chief misapprehensions current in later years about the Chelsea household; but they have run to an unexpected length, and I prefer to postpone to another time and place this purpose, which is by no means relinquished.

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